JOHN BULL, AUGUST 30, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

No. 1263.
Vol. XLVIII.

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Persil gets things even whiter than you can yourself

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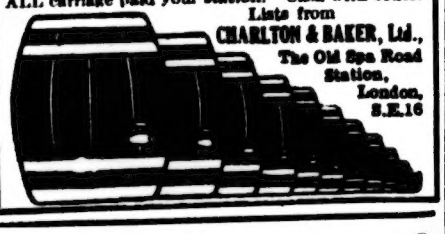

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Thousands sold—thousands delighted. Thousands of testimonials. Price 4/3. Post 9d. Two 9/- post paid. State size. EASY RACK TERMS. Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles, Accessories, Novelties, etc.

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SEND COUPON below in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope.

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Write in Capital letters, using a pencil, and post to— J.B.

WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, Wallington, Surrey.

10/- DOWN SECURES a 2, 3 or 4 VALVE SET

Cone or Horn Type Loud Speaker

MORE POSTAL BARGAIN OFFERS appear on PAGE 28

For ten years — QUALITY

has been the dominant purpose behind the making of Craven "A"

"No wonder they are so good"

20 for 1/-

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Aug. 30, 1930. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Watch the Wage-Cut Plot

Mischief in the Oil Can

Call It Plain Murder

WHAT mysterious influence is forcing sales of railway stock on the Exchange?

Coincident with the slump in market values the news of railway dismissals and the launching of a campaign for reduced wages in "sheltered" industries. The three events are a three-act mystery drama. The slump in stock depresses the public with the plight of the railways. Hence an excuse for sacking."

* * *

This, in turn, gingers up the "lower wage" complex until most people are hypnotised into believing that it is the only alternative to throwing men out of work.

What can the National Union of Railwaymen do against a conspiracy like this?

Syndicates of lies

Incidentally, certain financial interests in London are attempting to capitalise the general trade depression. Syndicates have been formed to depress shares and then profit by "bear" operations. False rumours are circulated as bait.

* * *

One such rumour was that a famous tobacco company was in difficulties and had closed down factories in China. Another was that a world-famous combine had seen the red light and would not pay any interim dividend.

Actually, the tobacco firm concerned has no Chinese factories, while the combine is flourishing and has just paid the same dividend as last year.

* * *

Such tactics are damaging to British trade. Men who employ them are traitors. We suggest legal action—right away!

Very oily

The very word oil sets the nerves of nations on edge. And at the moment a keen political and financial struggle is going on regarding the huge oil wealth of Irak.

The present concessions for exploitation of these fields is in the hands of the Irak Petroleum Company, in which the Royal Dutch Shell Group, Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Standard Oil of New Jersey and a French group are interested.

* * *

A new group, consisting of French, Italian, German, and Swiss interests is out to obtain concession rights on equal terms.

The French, German, and Italian Governments are uneasy at the growing control of world petroleum resources by Great Britain and America, and may exert influence on the side of the invaders.

All sorts of strings are being pulled. The visit to London of King Feisul recently was not without significance. More dirty work?

Arms and the Afridis

British-made Lee Enfield Mark IV. rifles and machine-guns are being used by the Afridis on the Indian frontier. And, for some obscure reason, it is suggested by the Continental Press that Britain is herself keeping the fires of rebellion alight in the East.

This is nonsense. The explanation of these British arms is that they were sold to Russia by well-known British armament firms, with the permission of the Government.

We have already said what we think of such transactions.

Fact and fiction

The suggestion that the Government proposes to reduce unemployment pay by two shillings a head is mere gossip.

As a matter of fact, it has two plans for relieving the burden on the Unemployment Insurance Fund, but that is certainly not one of them.

The first is the combing out of malingerers who have crept cunningly on to the register; the second to transfer from the Fund altogether those unlikely ever to get a job again.

The latter will be made a separate charge, with the Exchequer and the county authorities jointly finding the money.

Their own weapons

Americans who thought they had the British motor-car industry beaten have had a rude awakening.

They find that Ford tractors made in Ireland are being sold in the United States at prices below the cost of the American-made article.

His "baby" in America

And now a British "baby-car" which was recently put on the American market is winning wide popularity. Over 700 orders a week are being received in the American factory where this little car is being manufactured on licence.

Sir Herbert Austin has certainly shown the world.

More reforms

The announcement of further Stock Exchange reforms, in addition to those published a few weeks ago, may be expected shortly.

An investigation is being made into stockbrokers' charges to investors, and the sharing of commission with outside people.

These are nothing more than touts, who persuade casual acquaintances to invest in shares which have little real value.

The reforms now being carried out again prove the inadequacy of the new company law, which provides all sorts of loopholes for the clever swindler.

Parliamentary as well as Stock Exchange action is needed.

Mr. Baldwin's secret

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the new chief of staff of the Central Conservative office, has decided that something must be done to stifle the yawns of bored Tories, and doctor painlessly the cut-throatings within the party.

Just as soon as he returns from his mysterious visit to Germany he will launch a big propaganda campaign.

Meanwhile, Mr. Baldwin is enjoying pipe-dreams at his favourite Continental resort, content that he is not in office just now when Labour is bearing the burden of heart-breaking India and rocketing unemployment figures.

But if the Labour Government resigned to-morrow the unhappiest man in politics would be—Stanley Baldwin!

Russian customers

A delegation of Soviet buyers will arrive in this country shortly, prepared to purchase or enter into contracts for ships and production machinery of all kinds.

If the State will give extended credits and guarantee payment up to a reasonable proportion of the risk, shipyards and engineering shops should, through this medium, be finding work for many thousands before Christmas.

But we shall have to be careful.

New Year gift

About 85,000 widows between the ages of 55 and 60 will become entitled to pensions on January 1 next.

Claims should be sent in at once, as they may require considerable investigation.

Those in doubt should seek the advice of our Pensions Expert without delay.

Millions for pigs

The Government is about to make a great effort to encourage pig farming: £1,000,000 has been put aside to provide demonstration farms and educational facilities.

Another £5,000,000 is to be found to provide capital for pig farmers, and at the same time, intensive research work is proceeding into the most up-to-date methods of raising profitable pork.

More good news

A £400,000 contract has been secured on the Tyne by Messrs. Parsons, of Heaton, for electrical plant for the new generating station of Dunston, which is connected with the Central Electricity Board's scheme for the North.

A large order, secured by Swan Hunters, of Wallsend, is for a dry dock for the Wellington Harbour Board, New Zealand.

The best representative

Edward, Prince of trade

The Prince of Wales has done it again. Now that he has agreed to visit the British Exhibition in Buenos Aires, the Government has decided to make it the opportunity of a big trade push.

The money allocated for the show has been increased by two hundred per cent., and the space and number of exhibits will be extended.

An important member of the Government may be delegated to be on the spot, and Mr. Gillett, Secretary for Overseas Trade, is striving might and main to induce every important British industry to be represented.

Look pleasant, please!

There will be very little grace shown to taxpayers during the present year. Officials have received orders to be firm in enforcing prompt payment.

The reason is to be found in the preliminary revenue returns, which have proved to Mr. Snowden that unless there is a distinct change for the better a deficit at the end of the financial year is almost inevitable.

And why not?

A short time ago Miss Bondfield thought and said it was desirable that the choice of chairmen of the Courts of Referees under the Unemployment Insurance Scheme should not be limited to legal circles.

In the new list of appointments, to be published shortly, it will be found that outsiders with equally unimpeachable qualifications have been selected.

Splendid!

Killing no murder?

Yet another policeman has met his death under the wheels of a stolen motor-car which he was endeavouring to stop.

We are not clamouring for panic legislation to deal with motor bandits. It would suffice if the authorities show that they regard running down in such cases as murder or attempted murder.

Crooks who are afraid to kill with a revolver or other recognised lethal weapon will kill deliberately with a car so long as they can escape the capital charge.

Why should such killing be privileged?

It can be done

Workmen in the largest engineering factory in North-east London are producing a larger output in a 43-hour week than in the old 47-hour week. The annual report of the Chief Factory Inspector proves it.

And, what is more, the inspector says: "Carefully-kept figures prepared by the firm show that employment beyond the 43-hour week is not economic."

In the case of another firm of constructional engineers, the men are doing from twenty-two to twenty-six per cent. more work in a five-day week than they did in a six-day week.

Truth will out.

Lazy brass hats

Six calls to different fire-brigades went unanswered when a shop, warehouse, and a house were destroyed by fire at Coxhoe, a Durham village.

It was only after hours of strenuous effort that villagers, handicapped by cranky old fire-fighting appliances, were able to subdue the flames.

It is astonishing how poorly protected are the rural areas of this country from fire.

Industry's life-boats

Factory inspectors agree with us that the accident toll is still far too heavy and could be reduced by the introduction of more co-operation.

We are delighted to reveal that a great forward movement has been sponsored by the responsible Home Office department.

Safety committees have been formed in nearly a thousand works, and employers and employees are together studying risks and precautions.

It is said that where committees are keen a remarkable drop in the accident rate is shown. So the moral is: Make them all keen.

Direct action

The Minister of Health, Mr. Greenwood, does not propose to allow hostile and apathetic local authorities to torpedo his Slum Clearance Act.

They have been asked to prepare a five-year scheme and to submit it to his department without delay.

If any local sulkers should shirk their duty the Minister will send down his own architects and surveyors to prepare a scheme on the spot.

Good for Mr. Greenwood.

Keep sugar sweet

We hope that the sugar factories will not drive too hard a bargain with farmers over sugar beet prices during the next three years.

The automatic drop of fifty per cent. in the State subsidy at the end of 1930 will inevitably mean the readjustment of prices, but there must be give and take.

For a long time past the sugar beet crop has been a boon to farmers and the acreage has jumped enormously.

Price-cutting would hit not only the farmers, but new factories would be left in the air. There is every inducement to the negotiators to proceed warily.

For shame!

When men grow old in a public service they deserve respect, a straight deal, and some reward. Herne Bay Urban District Council must learn this maxim.

Mr. George Sanders was pier-master for thirty-two years. At the age of seventy-two, after having spent almost all his life in the open air, he was given the option of spending the remainder of his days as an underground lavatory attendant or leaving the Council's service.

• • •

He declined this shameful offer, and was, within two days, given a month's pay in lieu of notice.

We leave it at that, with the hope that Herne Bay ratepayers will have the conscience to demand that their representatives do the right and decent thing.

"IF YOU SEE IT"—*Continued*

Bitter

Police disguised as "hikers," complete to bare knees, shorts and open shirts, have been endeavouring to catch Derbyshire landlords on the "hop."

A thirsty rambler pleads with a licensee to oblige with a glass of ale. After much persuasion he is accommodated, and then calmly informs mine host that he will be reported for serving drink out of hours.

The other day the Hayfield magistrates declined to impose anything but a nominal fine on a landlord because they did not admire the methods employed by the police.

Neither do we.

So't soap and cold water

At last something has been done to stop the publication of ill-informed, impertinent and often offensive articles purporting to deal with the "inside history" of the private lives of Royalty.

His cold water? Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary

Recently, a famous newspaper purchased a series of such effusions. After they had been widely advertised the first of the articles was published. Stern and indignant representations from the Royal household followed, and the rest were dropped.

Now that editors realise that Royalty detests such punk they will realise that the public doesn't want it either.

We hope the cold water poured on the soft soap will freeze out the "biographers."

A message to "sparks"

Those gallant fellows the ships' wireless operators are being badly fleeced by a crafty scoundrel hanging around the various ports.

Last heard of at Southampton, his methods are to offer a splendid job on a big liner, "fix everything," and then, when all that remains to be done is the signing of papers, to borrow money and vanish.

We suggest that the Wireless Operators' Association should broadcast a general warning against this wily landlubber.

The vital spark

A new note is struck by the Electricity Board in their plan to show by experiment that rural England can be electrified.

This is against the opinion of the private company concerned in the national scheme as applied to East Anglia, and we shall watch the result with great interest.

We are of the opinion that agriculture can be benefited, rural crafts revived, and village life re-created by broadcasting cheap electricity.

We shall not, we think, be wrong.

What price brains

The Admiralty is about to appoint a responsible officer to its Scientific Pool, which has in its custody some of the Navy's most valuable secrets.

He is to be one possessing an honours degree in physics, which means that he will hardly have spent less than four years at a university, and his commencing salary is to be less than £5 a week. And that includes his bonus!

To stem his grumbling there is the promise of £6 a week after four years. All this is stated to be the official Admiralty scale.

We quite believe it, but we do wish we hadn't got to.

Silky

When the silk industry was protected five years ago the workers were told that the industry would be able to pay decent wages because, with the aid of the tariff, British mills would be able to hold their own against the foreign dumpers.

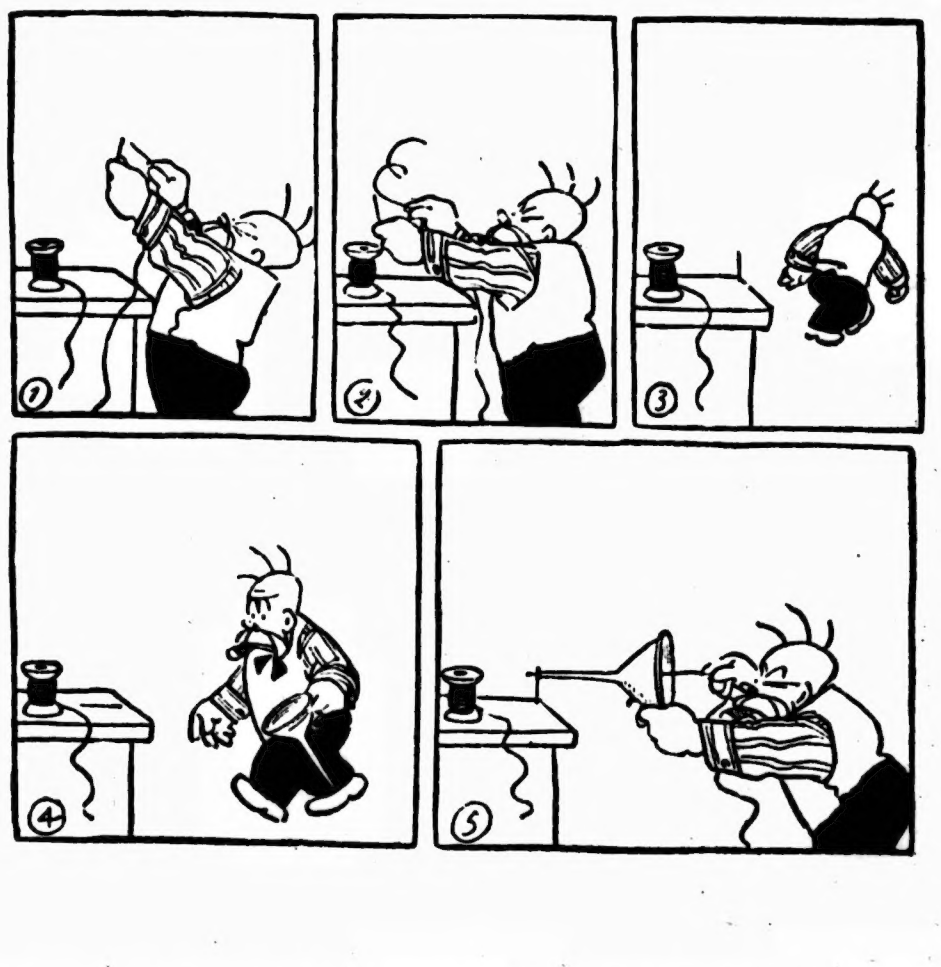
• • •

But now the silk workers in Macclesfield have heard that the employers are considering a proposal to reduce wages by 10 per cent.

The excuse given is the slump in the price of raw silk. But have not prices slumped in competing countries, too?

This is the sort of thing that makes the silkworms turn.

ADAMSON— —*Cottons On*



Bert Hinkler is one of these splendid rankers

Stout fellows

A significant result of the Air Exercises was the excellent showing of the non-commissioned pilots of the RA

These young men have complet justified the policy of the Air Mins of extending the privilege of "Wing to other ranks.

It has always seemed ridiculous th social qualifications should be attach to a service flying certificate. Nea all the best pilots in the war we rankers.

Law—with a kick in it

If a man with a large boot kick one of the Margate magistrates behi the ear, what would he get for it?

William Charles Dibley did that to small and inoffensive smooth-hair terrier, which had been in a pra with a baby and had frolicked o while its mistress was in a shop.

He was fined 20s. *without* cos though one of the witnesses had co from London.

And the same morning the sam magistrates fined four persons £5 piece for failing to exhibit hackne carriage plates on their vehicles.

Yes, we should like Dibley to have kick at those magistrates—just to s

It happened

A correspondent tells us of a sad a sorry episode.

Crossing the Ferry at Tilbury, was accosted by a hefty young fell who begged 2s. because he could g no work. He had had a job British Columbia, which he threw *because the climate was too cold.*

If that is the modern English spir God help us! Is there too muc coddling nowadays?

Sewn up

An impending amalgamation of thr unions in the tailoring trade will ort but cold comfort to the rapid dwindling Communist Party.

Not long ago the Reds succeeded splitting the ranks of one of the organisations, and it then seemed th the sequel might be disquieting.

But the majority of the workers we for sanity and the orthodox policy h won hands down.

The Communists, in a word, have g the needle.

A low-down ramp

A most unpleasant female sneak thief is operating in the London are just now, last being heard of in Belsi Park.

Posing as a dressmaker, she pe suades clients to leave with her expe sive materials to be made into frock but she is always careful to arran an advanced date for fitting.

And then, when she has accumulate a goodly stock of dress lengths, s vanishes, leaving her rent unpaid a her clients sorrier but wiser.

She should be found a little offic sewing to do.

BLATANT Drapery Bargain FRAUDS

by Sir Sydney Skinner

The author is a famous London merchant, chairman of Barkers and president of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade

THERE was never a time like the present when the public demanded full value for its money. The reasons are easy to seek. Times are not too good. Money is tight.

As trade becomes more difficult and money tighter the eener are people to see that they get value r what they spend.

A second reason, less obvious to many, s that women are now spending a large proortion of this country's money. Women have sharper appreciation of values than men.

In such trading conditions, however, the isreputable merchant is very active. The ublic demand is for cheapness. He offers o supply it.

His goods are of the "highest quality," t "knock-out prices." His "bargains" are sensational"; his "sales" are "astounding alue." One day he is out to offer "salvage" oods, the next "bankrupt" stock.

Supported by misleading window-display nd a campaign of dishonest advertising, he anages to attract sections of the gullible ublic and reap a handsome reward.

A closer examination of the bogus merhant's methods will, I hope, serve to instruct he public.

In the field of advertising this class of radesmen clearly presents a more serious enace than anything else honest people have o combat. This is especially true in the rapery trade. The type of advertising I re- er to relies entirely upon misrepresentation.

By way of illustration I will refer to reent cases where, to my personal knowledge, wo classes of goods were advertised in a opular newspaper at prices which, although tated to be "reduced by half," were still subtantially in excess of the figure at which reutable drapers could sell with a reasonable rofit.

A deadly bait

I SEE in the daily Press every week goods offered for sale grossly misrepresented in drawing and in other particulars as to the ype of article and its value. The papers are ull of such goods.

A different type of bogus newspaper adertising—yet displaying the same misrepreentation—is that streamed over with the well-nown slogan, "Only a few more left!"

The "few" is usually restricted to one, nd that is sold long before the crowds arrive t the store.

But the bait serves to bring simple cusomers along in their hundreds, and it is not ifficult to sell them other "bargains" before hey go—which was the original idea of the empting slogan.

Another device to bring unwary people nto these shops is the prominent display of particularly fine model at a particularly low rice. When the customer enters to buy she s told that the displayed model is sold, but hat there are several similar on hand.

These articles are not similar, and are sold to the customer at a price that is often exorbitant.

Yet another device of these practitioners of misrepresentation is to advertise goods as "mixtures" where the more valuable material is present only in the merest fraction of the whole.

I have heard, for example, of ladies' silk and wool mixture garments at ridiculous prices. When one of these articles was bought and examined it was found to be entirely cotton except for one thin stripe of artificial silk.

Silk, like furs, should never be bought unless its advertised description is written on the bill, if so desired. Once the customer has this evidence, it is simple for her to take action if she has been defrauded.

The point I would like to emphasise is that the reputable trader cannot indulge in misrepresentation. He cannot run away, and he has the reputation of his business to consider all the time. If mistakes are made they can always be put right at his shop.

But the public will flock to the wrong shops, and especially those labelled "Wholesale Merchants." I suppose this misleading title gives people the idea that things are sold cheaper because the retailer is cut out.

"Wholesale" catchpenny

NOTHING could be farther from the truth. Few authentic wholesalers trade direct with the public. The wholesaler buys from the manufacturer to sell to the retailer. He is a unit in the system of distribution.

Any wholesaler who is selling direct to the public is generally not a *bona-fide* trader, and my advice to the public is to deal only with the retailer, and particularly with the retailer they know.

Before passing on to one of the biggest scandals in business—the bogus sale frauds—I would like to warn the public against a new type of business that is increasing. It deals with the "West End misfit" and "second-hand, as new" class of article.

There are, probably, genuine traders in this branch, but it is now so large that one is tempted to believe that every West End tailor and costumier is entirely engaged on making misfits, and that every person of means is shedding clothing to dealers.

The line these traders pursue is to sell at a fair profit in the first place, and then press the customer to have alterations made for a perfect fit at a "slight charge."

If the customer agrees, he finds the bill for alterations is considerably larger than the price paid for the goods.

Bogus sale frauds have long been an open scandal in business, but here, I think, the law might do something to protect the public from its own foolishness.

In spite of everything that has been done to check these bogus sales, they are on the increase. Householders are being swamped every week in the suburbs with gaudily-printed handbills offering the usually impossibly cheap "bargains."

There is every difference between anyone stating that his prices are below those charged by shops, and an open statement that the goods he has to sell are "bankrupt stock" or "salvage" from a fire that never happened.

In the first example, the buying public are usually discerning enough to judge for themselves whether prices are lower than in the shops, but in the second instance the same public may be deluded into buying much less critically under such fraudulent representations.

Itinerant vendors should be compelled to take out a licence from the authorities at each place visited before being allowed to hawk or open their temporary salesrooms—this in addition to the usual pedlar's licence required.

It should be made an offence punishable by fines or imprisonment to print and circulate false statements regarding the origin of the goods on offer.

Every genuine buyer of salvage stock, for example, will have his invoices and vouchers from the vendors acting on behalf of shipowners, underwriters, and fire insurance companies. A careful examination of names, dates and statements could prevent much of the brazen deception now going on.

I suggest that a short Bill of a few clauses would make it exceedingly difficult for any person to impose in such a fashion on the credulity of the public, and it would in no way interfere with the genuine trader who wished to clear job stocks in a perfectly open and honest manner.

Tell the truth

RETAILERS are far from being jealous or nervous of competition that observes the rules of fair play, but they are clearly entitled to demand that bogus dealers should not be permitted to go round the country disseminating lying statements as to the sources, quality and prices of their goods.

For years now I have been pressing the subject of Truth in Advertising, and I believe that modern business has nothing to fear.

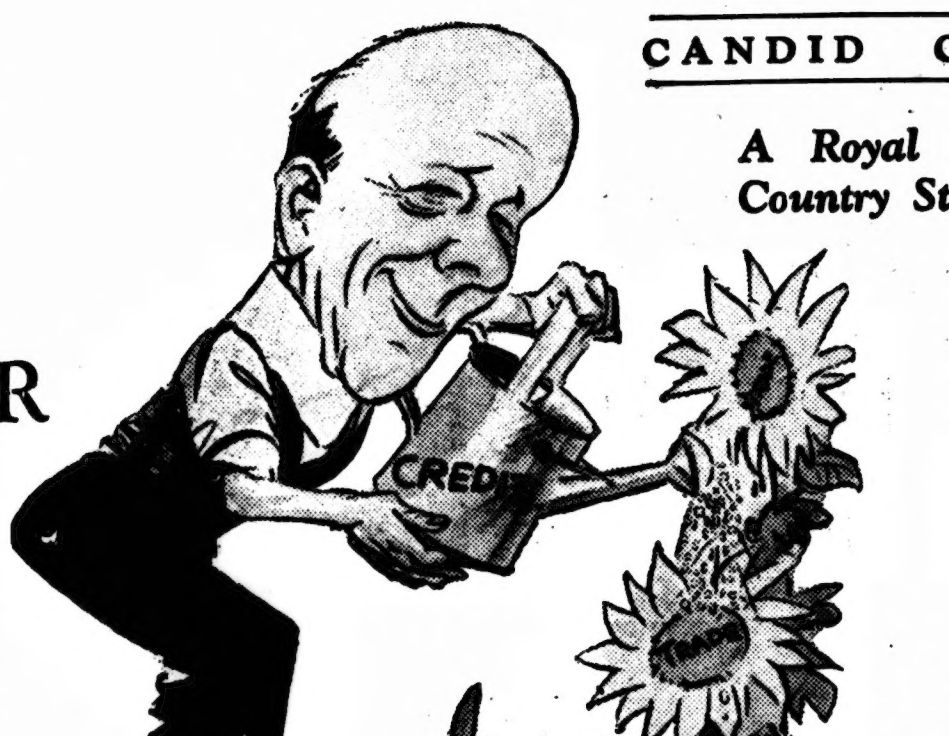
Unless advertising of any sort is backed up seriously with good, sound merchandise little real advantage is obtained.

I advocate strongly that merchants should not be afraid to tell the truth about sale goods. If the stuff is out of date, incomplete in range, soiled, odd-sized, or not in demand, it is better to say so.

The public are not fools, and a price reduction is appreciated all the more if a satisfactory reason is given for it.

It is such means that throw sharper into relief the methods of our fraudulent competitors. It not only helps the genuine, *bona-fide* merchant, but it protects the public as well.

Reggie THE GARDENER



The Rt. Hon. REGINALD McKENNA,
Midland Bank

DEAR SIR,—I cannot help thinking you have had some part in the dramatic reversal of banking policy.

The decision to grant more credit instead of less indicates that our campaign against the City's Anti-Trade plot was not in vain.

If instead of calling in loans the banks help reputable firms to carry their shares they will do a great deal to restore confidence, which is the life-blood of commerce and industry.

If they carry out their expressed intention to give increased credit to firms extending their businesses they will do much more.

JOHN BULL.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK,
Glamis, Forfarshire

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—I respectfully convey the congratulations of the millions of JOHN BULL readers, who hold your Prince and you in such affectionate esteem, on the birth of your baby girl.

That the little Princess Elizabeth and her new sister will grow up to be as charming as their mother, there is no doubt. May their future be bright and happy.

JOHN BULL.

THE BOARD OF CONTROL,
Caxton House, London, S.W.

GENTLEMEN,—You know exactly what I think of you and your methods with alleged mental defectives. But just another thing:

The committee to enquire into some of the provisions of the 1930 Mental Treatment Act was appointed by yourselves. You are your own judge and jury. What a farce!

We note, however, that it is within the power of the committee to examine Section 3 of the Act, dealing with the medical recommendation of those under sixteen, the chief source of injustice, as a shocking story elsewhere in this issue proves.

Let's have results or a thoroughly independent committee.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON,
Foreign Office

DEAR ARTHUR,—It is about time we cleared out of Palestine. After all we have done for Israel, we are accused by the League of Nations of unduly favouring the Arab. This is too bad. And it costs quite a lot.

As a fact, no decent Hebrew who has tasted the joys of British civilisation wants to dig mandrakes in Jerusalem. The stunt is worked out. Let us away!

JOHN BULL.

Miss WILHELMINA MARSHALL,
Govan Road P.O., Glasgow

DEAR WILHELMINA,—I commend your pluck. When that scoundrel, Frederick Brander, struck you on the head, threw you down after a struggle, knelt on your chest, and finally tied you to a chair, you had every right to stay passive.

But you are made of sterner stuff. You dragged yourself into the shop and attracted attention. So that Brander was caught, and is now enduring penal servitude for the assault and the robbery of the Post Office.

It needed heroism to do as you did. We are all proud of you.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATION

A Royal Philanderer — Your Country Still Needs You, Jack

Mr. G. M. JUDD,
Civilian War Claimants' Association

DEAR SIR,—I am glad that your Association is persevering in its brave attempt to get justice for civilians who received damage from the incidence of war.

And I am equally glad that at last your efforts are receiving recognition in the Press generally, and that no longer does the voice of JOHN BULL cry aloud and alone in the wilderness.

JOHN BULL.

Father F. WOODLOCK, S.J.,
Farm St. Catholic Church, London, W.

DEAR FATHER,—Without entering into the controversy regarding birth-control, I want to give wider publicity to your declaration that many a case of motherhood without marriage might well be a lesser sin than certain cases of marriage without motherhood.

As you say, the stone of shame and ignominy is kept for the unmarried mother, and I say, how dare they cast stones!

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. POLLY DONKIN,
Cullercoats

DEAR MADAM,—It was splendid of you, a working fishwife, to show your gratitude for the great work done by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution by collecting £57 16s. 9d.

This is only 3s. 3d. less than the total local collections made nine years ago, and is more than the sum which many towns contribute.

A fine record, Mrs. Polly!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. GRAY,
Calle Roma, Argentina

DEAR SIR,—I note with interest your remarks on the large agricultural, industrial and mechanical exhibitions held in the principal towns of the Argentine Republic, and the sad fact that British goods were conspicuous by their absence.

But you miss the point. It is not that our goods are absent from these exhibitions, but that we don't hold such exhibitions here.

First things first. The Republic boosts its own goods in its own country.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. J. CAMERON PEDDIE,
Cunninghame Church, Glasgow

DEAR PASTOR,—You really are a good man. If the phrase had not been so ruined by mobs, I should say that you were a stout fellow.

Faced with the menace of gang-fighting in Glasgow, and realising how much of that was misdirected youthful energy, you have amalgamated two of the gangs into one non-sectarian body for the promotion of good-fellowship, and you bid fair to wipe this b from the shield of your city.

Sir, it is well done. Good hunting

JOHN BUL

Mr. J. W. GERARD,
New York

SIR,—Your boast that the forty m who rule the United States would, given the opportunity, make Brit and the Empire a financial giant, a colossal and typical piece of Yank impudence.

We have taken a few centuries the building of our Empire and have the tradition and the traini necessary to carry it on.

Perhaps there is nothing flashy our methods, but you will find we sh be able to do the job.

Your forty rulers have a good d of lee-way to make up in America.

JOHN BUL

Mr. J. B. HOBBS,
The Oval, London

DEAR JACK,—You have no reas deeply to regret that "nine, play on," in the second innings of the l Test match.

You recognise that at your period life the cricket ball looks smaller a more elusive.

Sportsmen will always be grateful you for your splendid performanc but you must be retained as an a viser in the highest councils and strong guide to the nation's you cricketers.

Though it be your last Test we ca not do without you.

JOHN BUL

STRAIGHT *from the Should*

THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHI "Trade matters will get worse bef they get better, but they will get bet before it is too late."

This should banish all dark clou from our industrial sky.

* * *

MR. STOUGHTON HOLBOURN: "T distinguishing mark of the barbari is the association of nudity with i decency."

What nonsense! Hundreds of u civilised tribes go naked with le thought of sex than ourselves.

Not from the B.B.C.—The Archbishop of Canterbury defends—

OUR GAITERED "PETER PANS"

FROM distant lands our brethren came,
Bishops of ev'ry size
And shape, to meet in high conclave
At Lambeth, where, with wisdom grave,
We dealt in compromise.

If there be some who wished to hear
A stirring trumpet-call.
I must to such, quite firmly, say:
That "that is not the Bishops' way!
Oh, dear, no; not at all!"

A Bishop must have dignity.
A Bishop knows his place;
'Tis not for us ourselves to thrust
Into the battle's heat and dust,
And meet facts face to face.

Although we left our palaces,
We did not leave behind
Our ancient errors, outworn lore,
The cobwebs of our studies, or
The Palace frame of mind.

But let it not be imagined that I defer to lay critics who suggest that the Lambeth Conference was a failure.

There is something sadly lacking in people who find neither mental stimulus nor spiritual uplift in the combined

wisdom of 307 Bishops embodied in seventy-five resolutions and an Encyclical letter of 7,000 words.

It is suggested that we wasted time beating—or blessing — dead horses. It is urged that, since divorce is permitted by the law of the land, no importance attaches to our admission that divorce is sometimes justifiable.

The same type of critic argues that even our epoch-making declaration that the practice of birth control, if carried out "in the light of Christian principles," is permissible has come twenty years too late, as thousands of Christians long ago decided this question for themselves.

Another criticism is that the Conference had nothing to say of pressing social problems, such as bad housing, overcrowding, under-nourishment, and their accompanying moral ills. B these are political questions which not concern us.

The Conference pointed out that " maintain the ideal of marriage is to p serve the social health of the comm nity." Admittedly this may be diffic in slum dwellings, where people of va ing ages and both sexes are crowded i one room; but Faith, which can m mountains, can triumph over the evils Poverty Court.

On the same old questions harping,
Not a chance do critics miss
To demand, in accents carping,
Why we did not that or this?

"We expected light and leading,
But we're given," they declare,
"Platitudes for bedtime reading,
Lawn and lace for winter wear.

"Pretty Christmas cracker mottoes,
Maxims fit for screens and fans,
Floral emblems from the grottoes
Of our pious Peter Pans.

"When will they grow up, we wonde
See the things that plain men s
Cry the creed and launch the thun
That came out of Galilee!"

£10,000-an-Hour AIRWAY ROBBERY

by A. G. GARDINER

AFTER spending a year in joy-rides and trial trips, the R100 has at last made its spectacular visit to Canada and come home again in safety. And fast upon the heels of this achievement comes the announcement of the Air Ministry that it is "intended to organise regular (airship) services between Cardington and Montreal and New York."

If this enterprise was a private adventure engaged in at private risk, like any steamship or railway undertaking, the public would have no occasion for alarm. They would not have to stand the racket and foot the bill.

But it is not a private adventure. It is the taxpayer's money, yours and mine, which is to be raided for the purpose, and before Lord Thomson and the Air Ministry are permitted to land us in untold expenditure on this great air gamble it is our business to take stock and call a halt.

Already millions of public money have been blown away in these air bubbles. Their record is one prolonged story of disaster and financial loss.

In war they have been the most grotesque absurdity that the ingenuity of man has ever invented. In twelve years of peace they have achieved nothing that the aeroplane cannot do with greater speed, greater certainty, and at infinitely less cost.

Six years wasted

And the aeroplane has done it very largely "on its own," though there are still some necessary subsidies.

It is more independent because it is a sound commercial proposition that can pay its way and needs neither spoon feeding nor coddling.

But the airship is still in its swaddling-clothes, a gigantic and costly baby, that after twelve years of experiment has given no evidence of practical usefulness.

Take the case of the R100. It was commissioned six years ago, together with the R101 which has still to make its public trials. Both were to have been flying within three years, but at the end of six years all that stands to their credit is the single flight of the R100 to Canada.

This modest adventure was only attempted after twelve months of pottering around, waiting for favourable conditions, with everybody as nervous as if the ship was a prodigious invalid that could only be trusted out when the sun shone.

And even after all this preliminary care it broke down on its outward journey and limped into Canada like a lame duck.

In the end all that has been proved is that an airship can, with luck, fly across the Atlantic—which we knew before.

What it has failed to prove is that such a flight has any practical business value, or that there is any relation between the cost involved and the thing accomplished.

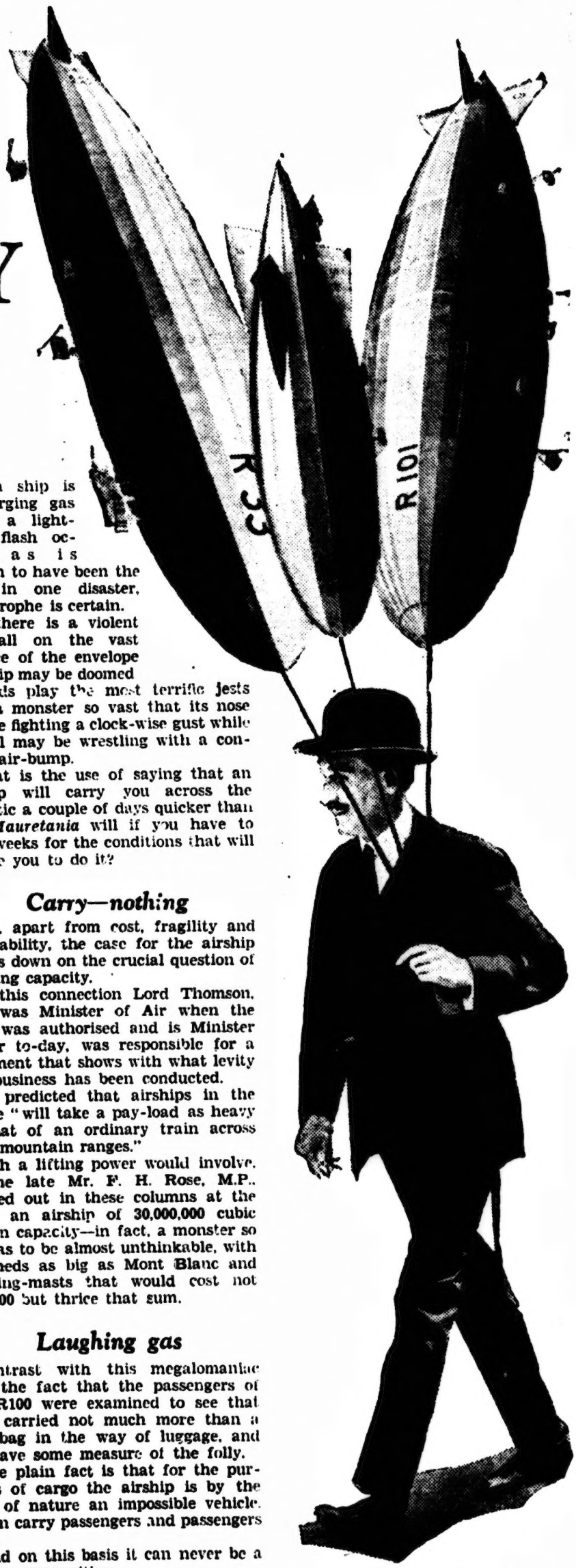
The contract price of the R100 was £350,000, but this, of course, has been enormously exceeded. And the constructional cost is only a part of the bill. Far more alarming are the operational costs due to the fragility of these vast gas-bags and the host of men required to manipulate them.

Add to this their brief life. Even if they escape disaster—and few of them do—their air-life in active service cannot be reckoned at more than two years.

In view of all this it is not difficult to understand that every flying hour of an airship has cost this country £10,000, and that during the war, from 1915 to 1919, these voracious and worthless monsters cost us forty million sterling.

What has been squandered since is beyond my means of calculation.

Add to the cost the unreliability of these clumsy monsters. They dare not go out in foul weather and are vulnerable to wind and snow and lightning.



If a ship is discharging gas when a lightning flash occurs, as is known to have been the case in one disaster, catastrophe is certain.

If there is a violent snowfall on the vast surface of the envelope the ship may be doomed.

Winds play the most terrific jests with a monster so vast that its nose may be fighting a clock-wise gust while its tail may be wrestling with a contrary air-bump.

What is the use of saying that an airship will carry you across the Atlantic a couple of days quicker than the *Mauretania* will if you have to wait weeks for the conditions that will enable you to do it?

Carry—nothing

But, apart from cost, fragility and unreliability, the case for the airship breaks down on the crucial question of carrying capacity.

In this connection Lord Thomson, who was Minister of Air when the R100 was authorised and is Minister of Air to-day, was responsible for a statement that shows with what levity this business has been conducted.

He predicted that airships in the future "will take a pay-load as heavy as that of an ordinary train across lofty mountain ranges."

Such a lifting power would involve, as the late Mr. F. H. Rose, M.P., pointed out in these columns at the time, an airship of 30,000,000 cubic feet in capacity—in fact, a monster so vast as to be almost unthinkable, with air-sheds as big as Mont Blanc and mooring-masts that would cost not £50,000 but thrice that sum.

Laughing gas

Contrast with this megalomaniac idea the fact that the passengers of the R100 were examined to see that they carried not much more than a handbag in the way of luggage, and we have some measure of the folly.

The plain fact is that for the purposes of cargo the airship is by the laws of nature an impossible vehicle. It can carry passengers and passengers only.

And on this basis it can never be a paying proposition.

In saying all this I do not suggest that the possibilities of the airship should not be explored.

But let them be explored at the expense of those who believe in them and not at the expense of the taxpayer and, incidentally, at the expense of the steamship companies, which are being taxed to provide a State subsidised competitor.

Personally, I think that the lighter-than-air vehicle is a fallacy that has been completely and utterly exposed.

I may be wrong. But at least the case for it is so doubtful that the proposal of the Air Ministry to launch this country into a further vast expenditure is indefensible and should be resolutely resisted by Parliament.

Lord Thomson: "Nobody wants my pretty balloons"

Woman's Heart

Homely Wisdom—
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ARNOLD BENNETT tells in his published Diary of a young Canadian soldier who made the acquaintance of an English girl in a country town and took her up to London for a day's outing.

During the railway journey they shared a compartment with a forlorn, unhappy child, who kept on sobbing quietly in a corner by himself.

To the disgust of the soldier, his companion took not the slightest notice of the child by so much as a glance.

When the train ran into Waterloo Station the young man alighted and turned to the girl.

"Here is your return ticket," he said, and promptly left her. He felt that he wanted no more to do with a person so apparently void of the maternal instinct and with a nature so shallow and hard.

There are critics of our time who say that the attitude described above is typical of the younger generation of English women. I do not believe it, but it is far too common.

Some of our young people to-day give the impression of being callously selfish and disposed to ridicule the finer sentiments in one another.

They are out for a good time, and mean to have it at any cost to their elders and neighbours.

"Look at their stony faces," says a well-known journalist, "and these will tell you what they are. Where has feminine tenderness gone to, and what is it that is taking its place?"

Mrs. Edison, the aged wife of the famous inventor, has been broadcasting an appeal to the young women of the United States to go back home and stay there. Nothing will ever make up, she says, for the loss of home and the gracious loyalties of family life.

The exhortation has been sharply replied to by young women who declare that they would be only too willing to go back home, but that they have their living to get and find that they have a hard fight to do it.

Perhaps this does account for some of the unfeminine behaviour of which men complain in the opposite sex.

But need it be so? Surely not. It would be a worse world than it is if all women took to aping the manners of men and despising the domestic virtues.

In doing an ever-increasing share of the world's work, women are called to take into it the same spirit that makes the word "home" one of the sweetest in the English tongue.

18 YEARS FOR A STICK OF ROCK

Release Ellen Dadd!

Miss Ellen Dadd. A child's prank on the sands cost her many years of liberty

MISS ELLEN ROSINA DADD, whose father and other relatives have their homes in Church Street, Margate, is now thirty-one years old, and for eighteen years she has been held prisoner in institutions in this country.

When she was a child of thirteen, two years before the war, Ellen played the part of nursemaid during the school summer holidays to four little boys in her street.

One day she took them to play on Margate beach.

They played a game of hide-and-seek on the sands, and one of them found a hiding place in a small wooden hut, the door of which was open.

Five years!

The hut was the storeplace for candies and sweets of a beach stall-holder, and the five children regaled themselves with some of his rock.

They were discovered by the owner, who handed them over to the police.

At the police-court the four boys were represented by solicitors, and the charge against them was dismissed.

But Ellen's only advocate was her father, an ex-Naval man, then over sixty, and frail and infirm after long sickness.

He told the court that, in consequence of his poor health, his wife had to go out to daily work and Ellen had not, therefore, the strictest supervision.

So the magistrates decided that the child, who had never been in trouble before, should be taken from her home and sent to a reformatory in Warwickshire for five years.

The reason

Ellen at that time was examined by doctors, who found that she suffered from adenoids.

This accounted for a partial deafness which had afflicted her for some years and which had prevented her from keeping pace with other children at school.

Educationally she was two standards below the girls of her age in the reformatory. She had not been there long when, on account of her backwardness, she was pronounced to be mentally deficient.

This caused her to be transferred to a Board of Lunacy Control institution near Chesterfield.

Nothing was done there either to cure the deafness or to improve her educational standard.

Instead, the child was committed to a life of drudgery. Her letters from the institution at that time, describing the dreariness of her life and the long, hard tasks she was set in scrubbing floors and washing blankets, make pitiful reading.

Until then there had never been the slightest suggestion that Ellen was mentally deficient or unstable, and we are satisfied from our enquiries that the suggestion was and always has been entirely wrong.

Sharp refusals

Her mother appealed desperately to the authorities for years to obtain her release, or at least to have her examined by independent doctors. All her requests were refused.

So also were appeals by her five sailor and soldier brothers, four of whom are still serving with the Forces.

The last letter of his life written by the other brother was to the authorities pleading that Ellen should be given her liberty.

A few hours after writing it he was engaged in the Battle of Jutland, where he went down with his ship.

The mother's anguish prostrated her in the end, and she died broken-hearted on the day of the Armistice.

Efforts to obtain a holiday for Ellen had also failed, and she was not even allowed to leave the institution to attend her mother's funeral.

Again and again in the years since then her relatives have applied to have Miss Dadd released, or alternatively that she should be allowed to visit them.

Flint-hearted officialdom has always said no.

Then, three years ago, the Board of Control began to hire her out for her labour.

She had been transferred to an institution at Mitcham, Surrey, and from there was sent to work in London—without wages or privileges of any kind.

Unhappy Christmas

At Christmas the people to whom she had been hired went away from home for two days, and Miss Dadd saw in their absence an opportunity to visit her father and her married sister in Margate.

They had not seen her since she was a child.

But it was a sad homegoing for Ellen. When the authorities learned of it, she was recalled to the institution and forbidden ever again to attempt to visit her kith and kin.

An excellent home is awaiting Miss Dadd in Margate, and her family are respected and worthy people.

She is and always has been fit to go there. We have evidence of the fact in letters written by the lady who until recently was in charge of the institution where she is now detained.

Whatever the cause of Ellen's removal from her home as a child, this lady writes, it cannot be taken into consideration now, eighteen years afterwards.

Miss Dadd, she further states, is no longer an impressionable child, and was found to be normal soon after coming into her charge.

It is the worst of scandals that a woman of thirty-one should have been kept prisoner for eighteen years in consequence of the trivial childish offence of having stolen a stick of rock.

The cruellest thing that can happen to-day to a child, particularly to a girl, is that it should come under the care of the authorities for backwardness.

In theory, the system for dealing with children of retarded education or intelligence is an ideal one.

It is that, by special methods of tuition in a happy environment, their natural failings should be made good and that they should emerge as young men and women properly fitted for citizenship.

Shameful system

In practice, it has become the worst social scandal of the times.

Institutions to which these children are sent are worse than lunatic asylums.

A certified lunatic can obtain freedom by escaping and remaining at large for fourteen days, or can demand independent medical examination and if found sane, be immediately released.

But for a boy or girl certified to be mentally deficient there is no escape and no right of appeal.

The child can be the prisoner of the Board of Control for life, and the powers of that body cannot be challenged, even though there is abundant proof that the person in their charge is normal and mentally sound.

With girls the position is particularly bad.

They enter womanhood in these institutions, but, though they may be able to maintain and take care of themselves, there is no liberty for them.

Slave labour

Instead, by an atrocious system of providing cheap slave labour to private people, they are hired out for laundry work and domestic service.

In this work they are not allowed holidays or freedom of any kind, nor do they receive the small wages paid by those to whom they are hired.

The money is sent to the institution which supplied the girls, and, if the slightest complaint is made regarding them, they are at once recalled there.

JOHN BULL takes occasion to expose the most terrible case of its kind which we have ever been called upon to investigate.

The life-sentence on Miss Ellen Dadd must end.

PRIZE Gift Mystery

LOOK out for the "man from Ryson's." He has lately been active in the region of Southgate, calling upon housewives as the bringer of good tidings.

He led one poor woman to believe that she had been specially selected by his firm, Messrs. Ryson and Company, of the Strand, London, W.C., to receive £16 16s. in a novel prize scheme.

It was his boast that he had been privileged to serve this philanthropic firm for twenty-two years, so he took a personal delight in congratulating the housewife upon her good fortune.

* * *

There was one small formality, he explained, that must be fulfilled before he was empowered to pay out the prize money. She must purchase four pairs of his firm's silk stockings, which he had brought with him, and which were being offered at the bargain price of 16s.

A further eight pairs of similar stockings would then be furnished free for publicity purposes, and as soon as the housewife had distributed these extra stockings amongst her friends, she would be eligible for the £16 16s. prize already mentioned.

* * *

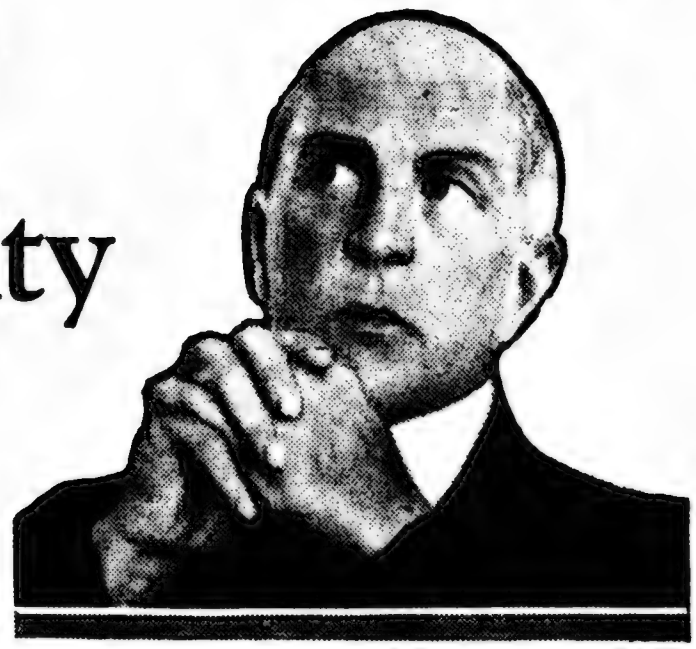
Thinking the opportunity too good to be missed, the woman took 16s. of her husband's savings which had been put by for a rainy day, purchased the four pairs of stockings produced and promised to distribute the others as soon as they arrived.

They never did arrive, nor was anything further seen of "the man from Ryson's." The woman, who has six children to support, has thus parted with money that could ill be spared for stockings which have now been found to be of inferior quality.

Meanwhile, enquiries in the Strand reveal the fact that there is no such firm as Ryson and Company there, while the address given by the canvasser is that of a reputable catering firm.

"Cannot be aware of the organising secretary's record" — Constance Duchess of Westminster

AN IMPUDENT Garden City Scheme



"A man whose financial record does not bear inspection"

THERE has just reached us an imposing circular issued by a concern calling itself The Hampshire Town Planning and Garden Cities Society.

Its address is given as New Milton, Hampshire, and the circular is headed by the most impressive list of vice-presidents we have ever seen got together in support of any cause or object, national or international.

Altogether there are some forty names and titles. The list, which is headed by Constance, Duchess of Westminster, positively bristles with peers and peeresses.

Even astute business men like the Marquis of Winchester and Lord Swaythling are included, and there are two Bishops and four Mayors.

Yet we cannot believe that any of the well-known people whose names figure as vice-presidents are aware of the previous record of the concern's organising secretary.

The circulars which have been issued, and the letters which were sent to each of these people asking them to accept a vice-presidency, are signed Gerald Hewitt.

He is none other than Gerald Trafford Hewitt, a man whose financial record does not bear inspection.

Hewitt's present undertaking differs in no whit from its predecessors.

Grandiose plan

There is the same stressing of the national character of the town-planning scheme, and as bait presumably to those local landowners who have accepted vice-presidencies, the strongest promise of co-operation to preserve countryside amenities.

The society proposes to acquire estates, erect houses, and to run forestry, gardens, construction and publicity departments. Their circular then goes on to ask for subscriptions towards this work.

The society offers 25,000 shares of £1 each, "the entire proceeds of which will be used for the work of the society." No shareholders may subscribe for less than 25 shares or for more than 200. They offer the handsome dividend of a limit of 7 per cent. free of income tax.

To those of our readers who have received these circulars and *are* considering an investment in Hewitt's scheme, the following facts may be enlightening.

His last appearance before the public was in 1926 in connection with a venture known as Streatham Tenants, Ltd. This company proposed to erect 2,500 houses in the Streatham district at an expenditure of £567 each.

For this expenditure of nearly a million and a half Hewitt's contribution was £5, obtained by pawning his watch. Well-known people supported this plan under the sincere belief that it was a genuine concern.

The names of other equally well-known people were used by Hewitt on his literature without their authorisation or knowledge.

Share offers were made to the public, but the moneys went into Hewitt's pocket.

An official enquiry was ordered, but even while it was pending Hewitt started another venture outside Southampton to be known as the Fawley Garden City.

A running fight

In the nick of time the Registrar of Friendly Societies was able to prevent Hewitt from handling any moneys in connection with the Southampton enterprise.

With the police hot on his track Hewitt fled to Ireland.

In his first week there he interviewed numerous prominent Dublin business men and politicians.

He represented himself to be the president of a five-million dollar Irish-American Corporation seeking to invest capital in Ireland.

He started negotiations for the financing of a transatlantic port at Blacksod Bay, the building of 200 miles of railway, and numerous other colossal schemes involving an expenditure of over £3,000,000.

His favourite subject—housing—still continued to interest him, and he endeavoured to get the Dublin City Council to guarantee the money for floating a company to be known as the "Housing Corporation of Ireland."

Its programme was as grandiloquent as its title, and it was to have a share capital of £100,000 and five million authorised loan stock at 6 per cent.

Detective shock

Considering all these enormous schemes were set on foot within a week while a charge in England was hanging over his head, something can be said for Hewitt's prowess as a worker.

Disaster, however, speedily overtook him. In Belfast he borrowed £1 from a local dentist, and advertised in a paper for a partner with £1,000.

Instead of a partner appearing there came Detective-Inspector Chapman of Scotland Yard, who arrested him for offences in connection with Streatham Tenants, Ltd. He was brought up at the Old Bailey and charged with false pretences, and received nine months' imprisonment.

This punishment, however, came only at the end of a long and doubtful career in this country and America.

At the time of the Streatham Tenants affair Hewitt was an undischarged bankrupt, having been made so in 1911 with liabilities £8,000, assets nil.

Between 1920 and 1927 he was associated with numerous enterprises, all of which were failures.

They included the Anglo-American Theatres Corporation, an alliance of thirteen theatres in London and New York. The British Agricultural Investment Trust with a capital of £1,000,000 was another.

Yet a further enterprise was the Texas Oil Gusher with a capital of two and a half million dollars. On that occasion Hewitt was Gerald Trafford Hewitt, of Fort Worth, Texas.

This is the man who is now asking Hampshire residents to entrust him with £25,000 for investment in house property in their district, and who has induced numerous people of title to lend their names to his schemes.

Those names must of necessity carry weight with those to whom Hewitt's circulars are addressed, and we trust that their owners will lose no time in removing them from the list.

A further point which might mislead some people is that Hewitt bears the same name as a highly reputable local firm of estate agents. There is, of course, no connection.

The Hampshire Town Planning and Garden Cities Society is not yet registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts.

We hope that the Registrar will not allow registration to take place whilst Hewitt is connected with the society.

A Game *of* "BANKER"

STATING that he had been recommended to call by a local Information Bureau, a smart young man recently arrived at a boarding house in Clacton-on-Sea in search of apartments.

He spoke with a marked Scots accent, and explained that he was a banker who had just been transferred from Dunfermline as under-manager to the Clacton branch of a well-known bank. He gave the name of Robert Hulme.

Invited into the house, he enlarged upon his story, saying that the appointment would last for at least three years.

He was shown apartments, which he booked at special terms in view of the length of his residence. Then, when everything had been satisfactorily settled to their mutual agreement, Mr. Hulme ventured to ask a favour. In the excitement of his interview with the bank manager that afternoon he had forgotten to take his cheque-book out of his suitcase, which he had left at the bank.

Unfortunately, the bank would now be closed, and this was most awkward as he wished to buy some more suitable clothes before taking up his new duties next morning.

In this way he induced his new landlady to advance him nearly £4, whereupon he departed to do his shopping "before supper."

He did not return to supper, nor has he been seen in Clacton since; but we have discovered that Robert Hulme is a persistent young rogue who has more than a dozen aliases, and who has imposed upon landladies and hotel proprietors in all parts of the country.

Bitter PANEL PILL

NOTHING under the Panel System is more scandalous than the treatment meted out to Dr. Harvey Roberts and his partners at Harford Street, Mile End.

These zealous and capable practitioners, deservedly popular with their patients before and after the Panel blight overtook us, were charged two years ago before a Panel Committee with "excessive prescribing."

The Pharmacy Sub-Committee reported in their favour. Thereupon the London Panel Committee referred it back.

Meanwhile, the Sub-Committee had become composed of other persons, who, *without hearing further evidence*, reported against the doctors.

Thereupon the London Panel Committee recommended that a fine of £100 should be imposed. On appeal by the doctors, the London Insurance Committee upheld that decision.

Finally, the Ministry of Health has stood by its officials against the doctors.

Now you see what that means. Capable doctors, who were in the habit of prescribing certain drugs must no longer do so under the Panel Scheme.

The patients, in their opinion, need the drugs. But their skilled opinion counts for nothing.

In fact, the Panel System only pays the doctors who treat it as a farce.

When will it be reformed?

PLAYERS always have placed and always will place QUALITY before everything else.

It's the Tobacco that Counts

10 for 6D.

20 for 11½D.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited.

N.C.C.893b

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from Sir Wyndham Childs

A Dental Don Juan

THERE seems to be a marked increase in the number of rogues who make women their especial victims.

One case which has just been brought to my notice concerns a West London woman who made the acquaintance of a Captain Joseph Hegan Parnell McGarry, who proved a most attractive personality. He charmed her from the first by his conversational powers.

He confided later that he was a dentist by profession, and had just sunk every penny of his savings in a practice in the heart of the West End of London.

Then, when he had gained the woman's affection, Captain McGarry met her one day with a troubled expression on his usually sunny countenance.

Too trusting

When she pressed for information he explained sorrowfully that his new practice was not proving a financial success. He had been too trusting, he feared, and it had been foisted upon him by misrepresentation.

His only course now would be to close down the practice, count his savings as lost and make a fresh start in life.

The one consolation was that his father, an established business man in America, was prepared to back him in any new venture he selected and was shortly sending him a most generous allowance for this purpose.

The woman was most sympathetic. A day or two later, however, he appeared as worried as ever, though he affected the same reluctance to unbosom himself.

At last he declared that creditors were now pressing him on all sides and he was in danger of being proceeded against legally unless he could obtain a temporary loan from somewhere.

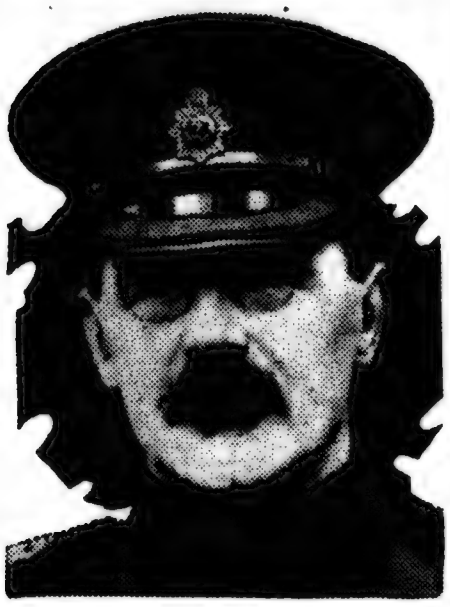
I am afraid that the lady was completely deceived by his attitude, for she generously handed him a cheque with which to settle his most pressing calls.

Millionaires!

When they next met McGarry was in far more cheerful vein, and confided that, through influence, he had been fortunate enough to obtain an appointment as courier with the American Express Company.

The post was a very important one, he added, as he would have to be in personal attendance upon American millionaires and other important visitors.

He let fall the remark that he wished it had been possible to replenish his wardrobe adequately, as it was essential, in view of the distinguished people he would have to associate with, that he should be very smartly attired.



Supt. Concannon, of Vine Street Police Station, in whose area Captain McGarry was recently operating

Thus, I am sorry to say, he extracted a further fat cheque.

All the while he was paving the way by his blandishments for another coup. He said his employers wanted a deposit of £100, but it would bear good interest, and be returnable at the end of his services.

He did not want to cable to his father, because the allowance he had spoken of was already on the way. He was temporarily stumped.

So Captain Joseph Hegan Parnell McGarry went off with a £100 cheque.

That was the last she saw of him. He disappeared completely from all his familiar West End haunts, and enquiry only brought a sorry trail of disillusionment.

Every phase of his romantic story was found to be false; there was no dentist's practice as he had alleged; no successful father or generous allowance; no appointment with the American Express Company.

I sincerely trust this warning will save others from being victimised by this dashing captain.

Missing PRODUCE BROKER

THE farmer in these days has a hard enough task to wring a livelihood from his calling, without the added burden of rogues who prey upon him.

For some time past I have been endeavouring to trace the present whereabouts of a particularly elusive Irishman called Robert Patrick McDermott. If the reports before me are any criterion, there are many people who are anxious to interview McDermott.

It appears that McDermott has for the past four or five years occupied offices at Excel House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.2, where he carried on a business under the style of the Irish Produce Association.

Some time ago he got into touch with a West of Ireland firm, who, impressed by the style of McDermott's letters, supplied him with large quantities of produce.

Unfortunately for them they were not sufficiently watchful concerning McDermott's ability or intentions to pay, and when his indebtedness had risen to over £600 he disappeared.

The firm in question have used every effort to trace McDermott, but all of no avail. At the Whitcomb Street offices it was learned that he surrendered the tenancy announcing that business was bad, but that he hoped to reopen again in the near future.

He seems to have left everywhere a trail of unpaid bills.

According to the Registry of Business Names his address is 50, Denbigh Street, S.W.1. On enquiry there it was found that there had been numerous callers for him, and that he had departed owing the landlady money.

On May 12, 1930, he was successfully sued in the Marylebone County Court for £22 6s. 1d., which sum has not yet been paid.

His address then was given as 30, Wycliffe Road, Battersea, but enquiries there elicited the fact that he had left the house quite twelve months ago owing arrears of rent and leaving behind tradesmen's debts.

Here, again, the house had been besieged by callers anxious to interview him.

Before commencing business in the West End as the Irish Produce Association, McDermott was in partnership under the same title at 16, Duke Street, S.E.

His partner, however, severed relations with him for various reasons. Among other things, in 1925, a County Court judgment was given for the sum of £18 13s. 4d.

Mr. J. W. Dulanty, C.B., C.B.E., the Irish Free State Commissioner for Trade, should be interested in this exposure

Where is he?

I think my readers will agree with me that they do not carry a very favourable impression of a man who intended—on his own showing—to carry on a *large* business on behalf of dairy farmers and produce brokers.

According to my latest information he was recently in Ireland, and it may be that he will attempt to re-establish his brokerage business.

If that is so, it will be as well for any clients whom he may have approached to deal warily with him. Such an attempt, however, may serve a useful purpose in divulging his present whereabouts, which many people would be glad to know.

PHYSIC *and* PHOTOGRAPHY!

A WEST London reader was recently visited by a representative of the Akur Agency, of Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, W.C.1, who made a seemingly generous proposition.

His firm, he declared, would execute an enlargement of any photograph the householder cared to submit free of all charge. All that was asked in return was that the agency's finished work should be suitably recommended wherever possible.

The householder submitted two photographs, one for the free enlargement, the other to be paid for in the ordinary way.

Rough proofs were duly submitted and approved, whereupon an order was placed for both photographs to be framed at a total cost of 35s., a shilling being paid on account.

On learning in the following week that the finished articles would not be delivered until the final instalment had been paid, the householder offered to pay the full amount down. To her amazement, this offer was refused.

She has since applied for the return of her original photographs in vain, and repeated letters have simply been ignored.

The photographic enlargement catch is an old game that is still being practised fairly extensively. But the Akur Agency, we find, does not confine itself to dubious photography.

On occasion it has advertised pills and medicines of varying kinds. Asthma, hay fever, skin disorders, premature senility being amongst the afflictions prescribed for.

"Tonic Akur Brand Pills," "Akur Spring Pills," "Akur Inhalant," and "Akur Summer Stick" represent the type of nostrums supplied.

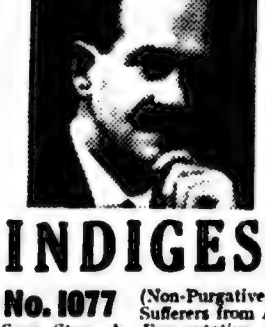
They may be harmless enough in themselves, but it is significant that the Advertising Association has seen fit to issue a warning to advertisement managers regarding the Akur Agency's announcements.

What I Know about Medicines

and how you can avoid paying excessive prices:

By MR. WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C.,

Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health"; Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society, Great Britain.



I commenced dispensing medicines in the year 1884, and since then have probably dispensed more than any man living. Millions of people have been served by me. Being a large buyer, I can serve you economically. In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions, to-day, are prescribed by the world's best doctors. My book, containing dozens of prescriptions, written in plain English, will be sent free of charge with your first order. Below are examples of

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS MOST IN USE AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR FOR

INDIGESTION

No. 1077 (Non-Purgative.) Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by this prescription, which is composed of:—*Bismuth Carb., Soda Hicarb., Magnesia Carb., Carminatives—Aniseed, Peppermint, etc.* In Tablets, with directions. Sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432).

No. 15 Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Painful, take Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15, in addition to above; the pains will disappear like magic. No. 15 costs 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

No. 2000 (Laxative.) Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals a grain of Barbados aloes, mixed with a little capsicum, and a trace of pure olive oil soft soap to form a pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as Shadforth Prescription No. 2000, and costs 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

No. 882 (Nature's Digestive Juices.) A prevalent form of indigestion is connected with a deficiency of the digestive juices, pepsine and diastase. The following formula, noted for its absorbent properties, gives prompt relief; you can almost say that it is prescribed by Nature herself. It can be used either by itself or as an addition to either of the above prescriptions if desired. It is composed of pepsin, malt extract, diastase, charcoal and capsicum in tablets. Take two with each meal. Costs 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), and 2/9 (100 tablets).

BACKACHE

No. 40 **For Backache with Muscular Rheumatism,** nothing is better than this tablet, composed of:—*Potas. Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil and Copaiba.* This prescription stimulates the kidneys and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose.—1 or 2 thrice daily.
Prices 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 tablets).

No. 41 **For Backache, Associated with Constipation and Biliousness** we recommend: *Potas. Nitrate, Buchu, Bearberry, Venice Turpentine, Juniper Oil, Aloes, Calomel, Capsicum, and Charcoal.* In this prescription the aloes and calomel stimulate the liver.
Dose and Prices as No. 40.

No. 42 **For Backache with Nervousness and Indigestion** this is a prompt remedy. It is composed of *Venice Turpentine, Juniper Oil, Potas. Nitrate, Bismuth Carbonate, Soda Carbonate, Capsicum, Nux Vomica and Phosphorus* in suitable proportions. In this prescription the phosphorus and nux vomica tone up the nerves.
Dose.—1 or 2 thrice daily just before meals.
Prices as No. 40.

No. 43 **For Backache, Anæmia, Thinness and Depression.** This wonderful prescription in tablet form, contains:—*Hæmoglobin, Lecithin, Red Bone Marrow, Nux Vomica, Capsicum and Potas. Nitrate.* Dose.—1 or 2 thrice daily after meals. Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 tablets).

BLADDER COMFORT

No More Disturbed Nights

Bladder Irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort," No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Price 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100) and 13/- (300 pills).

HEART and Nerve TROUBLE?

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic (No. 632)** will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144) and 13/- (432 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling to pieces feeling.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

WORLD'S BEST PRESCRIPTIONS FOR HEART AND ARTERIES

Don't be alarmed at heart attacks. Live your normal span; palpitation, tremblings, heart attacks, depression, nervousness, insomnia, hardening of the arteries are only serious when neglected. Shadforth Blood Pressure Reducing Tablets (No. 1,129) quickly restore the arteries to their youthful vigour. They cost only 2/6 and 4/6. In addition take the Shadforth Heart Tonic Pills (No. 632). These quickly steady the heart, strengthen the nerves, and provide the tonic you need. They cost only 2/6 and 4/6. Full directions supplied. Two or three weeks of this treatment will make you feel 20 years younger. The Shadforth reputation for supplying the world's best prescriptions is your guarantee.

CRITICAL TIME TONIC

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

WONDERFUL Book FREE!

If *YOUR* Health Trouble is not mentioned on this page, send IMMEDIATELY for this FREE BOOK of valuable prescriptions. Specially compiled by Mr. Shadforth. In the interests of your own Health and the Health of your Family, you should get this book without any possible delay. It is quite Free on receipt of a postcard and a copy will also be presented to all "John Bull" Readers sending an order for any one of the Prescriptions on this page. SEND WITHOUT DELAY. Ask for Booklet No. A202 and please mention "John Bull."

You obtain these Prescriptions post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from:—

Mr. WM. SHADFORTH, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.
49 (Dept. J.B.107), King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4.

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 400, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 16, Durban Road, West Ham, E.15; 6, Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath; 7, Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park; 44, London Road, Romford; 1148, Green Lane, Baconstree Heath; and 63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3. Garages also hold stock.

They're wonderfully soothing!

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

Plain or Cork-Tipped

The value is in the cigarettes.

CCM

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (4688), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (4688), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write plainly.

Widow's *Thousand* TEASHOP LOVERS

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Love at first sight in a teashop

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, of the Denver Children's Court, recently threw a bombshell into the world of conventional hypocrisy and blew its smug complacency into smithereens.

"Marriage, as we have it now," he said, "is plain Hell for most people who get into it. That's flat.

"I defy anyone to watch the procession of wrecked lives, unhappy men and women and miserable, homeless, neglected children who pass through my court, and come to any other conclusion."

If, on the other hand, you read the novelists, who are popularly supposed (God help them!—to be busily portraying life, you will find quite another picture drawn.

In the novelist's world the ideal love match is the standard.

It is perhaps time we began to think a little more clearly on the subject, and to realise that the marriage of passion need not—and rarely does—bear any relation to marriage as a legal and social contract, brought into being to safeguard the rights of children and to assure them the support and protection of two parents while they are growing up.

Unlimited freedom

So far there has been unlimited freedom to marry for passion. It is, I think, permissible to ask whether this has been best for the race.

With these preliminary observations let us take a glimpse at life in the raw. Any week you can see it mirrored in all its nakedness in JOHN BULL's Human Document page.

Recently there was published there the story of a woman who had made a very unhappy marriage.

The man had speedily proved worthless and very heavily in debt. He also behaved very cruelly to his wife.

By dint of great exertion and courage the woman helped to clear up the financial mess and start a little tea-shop. Then the husband died, leaving her with one child.

Shortly afterwards, just when the tea-shop began to pay and happiness at last seemed within reach, the child died; and the woman, who hitherto had found her little one the chief incentive to effort, was left to face a lonely middle age.

Countless letters

Such in brief was the story—and from the moment it appeared the bombardment of JOHN BULL with letters from would-be suitors of the widow began.

There were letters from the Army, the Navy, Salvation Army shelters, workless men, and men who were themselves in businesses that *didn't* pay very well.

There were other letters. Unmarried mothers wrote wanting to have their babies adopted. Married mothers wrote offering "surplus" children for adoption. An old man of nearly eighty offered his "love," and in one case a whole family thought it might be taken in to relieve the lady's loneliness.

Dozens and dozens of men sent photographs, "taken quite recently," asking that these might be sent on to the lady in the case.

It seemed almost a pity that all these eager applicants had to be denied.

"Your rules must be terribly strict if you can't give me an address," one disappointed man wrote to JOHN BULL, "but you might at least tell me the town so that I can look it up for myself."

"Please give me the address of the little tea-shop," wrote one man with almost startling honesty, "but I may tell you quite frankly that I don't want to have anything to do with keeping a child. I am merely offering the lady companionship."

Stark life

"My wife is in the asylum and likely to remain there," confessed another, "and that I and this lady could manage together at this tea-shop was rather running in my mind."

Here is no story of love, romance, idealism—nothing but the sordid story of men *who, one and all, wish to grab at the tea-shop that pays.*

They are willing to chance Judge Lindsey's considered verdict that "marriage is plain Hell for most people who get into it." They were all willing to contract a "marriage of convenience" as a means to an end.

In recent years one or two of our provincial mayors have had similar experiences.

In receipt of letters from girls wanting husbands, or men wanting wives, they have—wisely or unwisely—let the facts be known; and they have promptly been deluged with letters from eager applicants.

Unofficial bureau

One, at least, was practically compelled to run an unofficial matrimonial bureau.

The results, again, should interest the social reformer; for experience has shown that a good many of these marriages, arranged as they were almost wholly as a matter of mutual convenience, turned out very successfully.

When such marriages, based very often on nothing but a mutual desire to be of service, are seen to turn out reasonably well, it forces one to wonder how much reality there has ever been for the majority of people in the ideal love match.

"Marriage," said a friend of mine the other day, "is still the greatest lottery for the big prizes if your penny is put into the love machine and you forget the savings bank of solid qualities.

"Where there is nothing to be glorified in the name of romance there is often more comfort—and happiness."

More marriages, in fact, have been wrecked over a woman's inability to cook and keep a house clean, than over the "shattering of ideals" that novelists love to tell us about.

The Lambeth Conference of Bishops has recently been forced to take serious notice of the fact that marriage is no more permanent than any other human institution, and that life and romance have little in common.

Even the Church is being forced to view reality realistically. It is a sign of the times.

I am not so sure, you know, that the eager suitors who wrote to JOHN BULL were not in some measure right.

Give it a trial?

A tea-shop that pays is, after all, a better foundation for a happy marriage than a seaside flirtation.

I part company with those who, like Judge Lindsey and Bertrand Russell, would have us experiment with "trial marriage," "companionate marriage," and a dozen other variants of licence masquerading as Freedom.

What the institution of marriage needs most is more common-sense on the part of those who marry—not disruption of the institution itself.

Marriages that are arranged with open eyes and entered into deliberately as a partnership, with mutual obligations, mutual responsibilities and mutual respect are already halfway to a success that the mythical "love match" has rarely, if ever, achieved.

Marriage as an institution is very like Christianity. If it has not yet worked with conspicuous success it is because we have never really tried to work it.

The Human Machine

Mountainous MOLEHILLS

NOT many years ago a famous journalist met an equally famous politician who asked him to dine with him. "No," said the journalist. "Why not?" said the politician. "Because," was the reply, "this will be in all the newspapers to-morrow."

And pulling from his pocket a sheaf of papers he read aloud a violent denunciation of the politician and all his works.

"That's all right," said his victim. "Come and have dinner with me just the same." They had dinner together and talked of many things. The criticism duly appeared—but they had dinner together many times after that, for they were both sensible enough to realise that personalities are petty things that wreck far too many pleasant things in life.

Pettiness is always the hall-mark of the small mind. It is always the little man who is quick to take offence at trifles, prone to nurse grievances and willing to wreck friendships rather than grin cheerfully and take what he gets in the rough and tumble of life.

There are big men in the business world who abuse each other like fishwives over a business deal—and then go off to lunch like brothers; for friendship and business neither mix nor need to mix.

Personalities are always petty and those who allow them to disturb their peace of mind are very foolish. They are only confusing shams with realities and mistaking molehills for mountains.

The secret of a happy life is to remember the pleasant things—and forget the rest as quickly as we can.

'I get a new pair of stockings every fortnight ... *and they cost me nothing!*'

"MY DEAR, you can do it too. You merely change over to 'Private Seal' Cigarettes, and you need never pay another penny for stockings all your life! You see, they put six coupons in every packet of twenty, so you get each pair—real silk or artificial—in a third of the ordinary time. Jack helps me collect—and he says he never wants to smoke better cigarettes than 'Private Seal'!"

FREE *for coupons from* **25** *packets of* 10 '*Private Seal*'

Artificial Silk Stockings. Manufactured from Courtauld's 200-denier Dulesco yarn; full length panel; made on fine gauge machines; specially reinforced to ensure hard wear; wash splendidly. Colours available: Florence Mills, New Gunmetal, Paris Nude, Stonemarten, Duskee, New Brown, Omar, Black, or any other popular colour on request. *Ask for gift No.* 4.

FREE *for coupons from* **50** *packets of* 10 '*Private Seal*'

"Beauty of England" Pure Silk Stockings—a sheer delight to wear, the finest silk, specially reinforced for hard wear. Colours as above. *Ask for gift No.* 3.

Private Seal

CIGARETTES

6 COUPONS WITH EVERY 1/- PACKET OF 20

3 *coupons with every* **6d PACKET OF 10**

POST THIS COUPON FOR FULL LIST OF GIFTS IN COLOUR

Magnificent Gramophones, Records, Cameras, Tableware, Handbags, Wireless Valves and dozens of other free gifts—all to be had in one-third of the ordinary time! Fill in the coupon and get the 'Private Seal' Book of Gifts *to-day*, and six FREE Coupons.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Post coupon (½d. stamp in an unsealed envelope) to
MOUSTAFA LTD., 84, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
(*Sole Concessionaires: Cohen Weenen & Co. Ltd.*).

Without Fear or Favour

Worse than the ROAD BANDITS

WHEN are definite steps to be taken to end the present chaos of the streets? We hear much of the municipalisation of traffic services, but what effect will that have on the great problem of getting a move on?

The acute problem is the traffic jam, the daily congestion of the streets of London and of every large city, which must be costing the nation millions a year.

The truth is that Ministers and officials realise that the Moloch of traffic has us beaten at the moment, and they see no way out of it.

The fault is not theirs.

When the war ended it was patent to everyone but our rulers that the great public was about to forsake the iron road for the open way.

Mankind was no longer prepared to ride in trains and be carried to a point often miles from its destination, and have its goods left lying in sidings for days on end.

THE business of the politician was to have anticipated this revolution, to have employed the brains and brawn of a great part of the no longer needed Army in creating a vast network of roads and by-passes, and, more important still, to have placed these roads under the sole control of one national authority whom no Bumble, however self-important, dare disobey.

What has happened? With all the oceans of talk before Royal Commissions and grandiose schemes for triple traffic roads, on which pedestrians would never be killed, we find:

Streets jammed with light and heavy traffic for hours a day.

Goods vital to the nation's service held up in transit.

Passengers in trams and buses delayed on journeys to and from their daily work to a degree unknown in pre-war days.

The all-important road, the artery of commerce, left to the tender mercies of bodies whose range of vision extends as far as the parish pump.

The cost to the nation of congested streets amounts to thousands of pounds a day. London's hold-ups during the rush periods affect thousands of people an hour, a pretty heavy price to pay.

The utter helplessness of the authorities to amend this state of things is shown by the suggestion seriously put forward by the London and Home Counties Traffic Board that delivery of goods should only be permitted in certain areas on alternate days.

SEEING that goods and raw material are the very sinews of business, this brain-wave does not seem to serve any purpose save that of showing to what a state of utter helplessness our authorities are reduced.

There is no greater factor in this traffic congestion business, with its resultant loss to industry, than the daily delay caused by needless tearing up of roads in London and every large city in the land.

In London alone forty authorities have the right to dig up streets and hold up traffic at will.

In one area quite recently the borough road surveyor completed a repair in the morning; an electric lighting company's men were busy tearing up the section in the afternoon.

All because there is no national body with the power to say "Thou shalt not."

All because the existing Ministry of Transport is unable to compel the representatives of the Borough Council, the Post Office, the Gas Company, and the electric lighting concern to put their heads together and evolve plans for joint action which should be carried out in the swiftest and most efficient manner possible.

"The fault is not the Minister's" — Mr. Herbert Morrison (Transport)

A business concern that conducted its affairs as the municipal and local supply services conduct theirs would be bankrupt in six months.

Much of the present chaos could be mitigated by a swifter and more efficient system of road repair, but even here the local Bumble is the lion in the path.

The sensible man asks why the work is not hastened forward in the dead hours before the dawn, when cars and lorries and drays are few and far between.

The answer is: RATES.

The interests of the travelling public and of commerce must suffer because night-work on road repairs means overtime rates for the workmen.

THIS extra cost bogy is usually bolstered up by a suggestion that the roadmen's unions are hostile to night work, Sunday work and overtime generally.

So far from this being the case, Alderman Will Thorne, M.P., the General Secretary of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, has never ceased to urge the Minister of Transport to adopt a system of continuous working.

"I suggested a system of three eight hour shifts," said Mr. Thorne to JOHN BULL, "because I am certain such a system would be for the public weal.

"True, the cost of the work would be increased, but you must set against this increase the great benefit the public would derive from the speeding up of repair work and the clearing of the roads for traffic.

"The extra cost of which so much is made would not be so great after all. My three shift system, if it were adopted, would necessitate the payment of time and a half to the men working from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m., and time and a quarter for five hours to those working the second shift of 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.

"That is by no means an insuperable difficulty when one considers the saving that would be effected on traffic delay.

"Of course, more men would have to be employed and the completion of the work in shorter time would have its effect.

"Still, I am sure that the workers would not suffer in the end, and we should be only too pleased to co-operate in helping to mitigate the scandalous congestion that is a costly blow to trade."

Always up!—What must visitors think of the Strand?

WHAT is true of London is true in less degree of the provinces.

There is not a town or city that is free from this canker of needless road-wrecking, with its load of inconvenience and loss.

The Transport Ministry may boast of the creation of 10,000 miles of new roads, but it cannot boast of national efforts to clear the bottle-neck chaos on the old ones.

The Ministry has never disclosed the vital facts concerning the mileage of roads rendered useless for traffic each day, week, or year.

It has never attempted to compute the appalling cost of traffic delay. It is to be doubted if it dare.

At present our rulers are afraid of London's traffic. They admit it.

Yet these are lean times, when industry is supposed to be at its lowest ebb. What of traffic when the hustle days of good trade come?

Action is imperative. Delay would be a crime, and the first step is to stop needless digging up of streets and roads.

A Continental savant declared that the genius of the British people lay in their capacity for digging-in.

Most people will be inclined to accuse him of the emphasis of understatement.

It is time the nation curbed this cave-man passion by insisting that the control of road-carving should be one man's whole-time job.

"There is a future J. H. Thomas somewhere on the footplate"

"Only needs responsibility to carry him forward"—Jack Tanner

Ebby Edwards, a coming leader

"A woman of character"—Miss Annie Loughlin

"Miss Dorothy Evans made a great repatation"

WHEN the Trades Union Congress opens in Nottingham on Monday, few will regard it as a conference of business men, directors and managers of some of the largest and most efficiently run multiple branch concerns in the country and handling many millions of pounds.

Yet it is true to say that there is sufficient organising ability and business acumen centred in the brains of the Congress delegates to run any business in the country.

Few are the multiple store concerns which have as many as 1,000 branches.

The National Union of Railwaymen, as one example, has about 1,500 branches, directed from one single office in London by a relatively small staff of forty under an Executive Council of twenty-four—who all work at their trade.

Facing disaster

This great Union—the head of which is Mr. J. H. Thomas, one of the most forceful personalities in the country—collects funds from 400,000 members, and has accumulated funds of over £1,000,000.

In the terrible business depression which has followed upon the world unemployment crisis, many business firms, directed by the "first-class brains" who draw their £10,000, £15,000 or £20,000 a year—not fifty shillings a week like the railwayman—have had to reconstruct their businesses, losing millions of capital.

Trade unionism has had its crisis to face — a slump in membership due to unemployment and the costly General Strike.

The General Strike and the prolongation of the miners' strike involved the N.U.R. in an expenditure of £2,263,000, or about £270,000 more than their total assets before the strike.

Yet so efficiently is the business managed that the N.U.R. gave every member full benefits and still had over half a million at the end of the year.

So well known is it that trade union executives are good business men that trade union officials can usually get overdrafts from bankers on most reasonable terms.

Side by side in the Millbank area, near the Houses of Parliament, are two great buildings. One is Transport House, the home of the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party, the Transport and General Workers' Union and a number of other working-class organisations.

Vivid comparison

The other is the home of Imperial Chemical Industries, the great combine directed by Lord Melchett, the multi-millionaire, who was formerly Sir Alfred Mond.

One is the business home of the workers' organisation—the other that of the captains of industry. Yet from whatever point of view a comparison is made, the workers' building has no cause to fear. In equipment, design and general lay-out, the workers' office is a business office.

Its staffs are as efficient as any in the kingdom, for handling the accounts of millions of members needs to be done as expertly as handling the accounts of thousands of customers.

The one great difference is that of the salaries. To begin at the bottom, the trade union clerk is on the whole higher paid and with better conditions than the average clerk in a business office.

At the top, things are vastly different. Although the ability to organise, the capacity to handle complex financial problems and the faculty of administering large staffs are as much needed in the trade union secretary as in the business executive, the monetary rewards bear no comparison.

The highest paid trade union official is the Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, with £1,000 a year—the salary of a departmental manager in a big combine.

Most of the big combines of workmen pay their head officials no more than £500 a year. A few, like the Amalgamated Engineering Union, add an official residence rent free.

Some add the provision of a motor-car. Mr. Cramp, who acts as Secretary of the N.U.R. while Mr. Thomas is a member of the Labour Cabinet, has a car, so also has Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union.

No big "exes"

Similar provision is made for the Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, whose salary is officially fixed at £750 per annum.

The worker can, in fact, buy ability cheaper than anyone else.

Directors, when they travel, go Pullman, stay at first-class or even *de luxe* hotels and charge "expenses" accordingly.

Trade union officials travel third-class, have a fixed daily allowance which does not run to the best hotels, and expenses are severely scrutinised—by frugal working men.

On the other hand, what chartered accountant ever queried a managing director's good round sum for expenses for a business trip?

How are these officials chosen? Formerly, they were chosen by the employers. That somewhat paradoxical statement needs explaining.

In the early days of trade unionism, the active, energetic, capable man who organised his fellows and secured betterment of their wages and conditions usually found it impossible to gain employment. His mates thereupon clubbed together to enable him to do full-time work for the union he had formed.

Finding leaders

Nowadays the path to office and responsibility lies through constant study of economics, finance, politics, and organisation, as well as by hard drudgery in branch secretarial or committee work, writing in the union journal, and speaking at organising and branch meetings.

Often the man who is destined for high office will come to the front during a local strike, or in readiness in debate when he meets the employers with a deputation of workmen.

In most cases he will have served as an actual worker in the trade for which he caters, though if he is in a general workers' union he will have to be possessed of a working knowledge of all sorts of trades.

An official of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, the great organisation of which Mr. Clynes is President and Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., secretary, may conduct negotiations for a whole week and deal with a different trade every day.

The craft unions, like the Engineers and Boilermakers, recruit their officials entirely from their own ranks, and elect them by ballot.

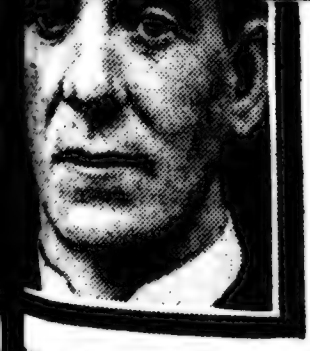
The only way in which an official can secure nomination is by work for the union. He will attend his branch regularly, take

Trade Union Giants

A Glimpse at Labour's New Leaders

With his wife—"Harry Pollitt, extremist but brilliant"

"Destined to take high place"—Aneurin Bevan



"... men to the fore"—Walter Citrine

Recently, the trade union movement has taken steps to train likely men as officials. Ruskin College, Oxford, the Summer Schools run by the Trades Union Congress and the National Council for Labour Colleges, all provide training in economics and trade union administration for the future officials of the movement.

The clerical staffs in most unions have to undergo tests before being engaged, and in some cases only members or the sons and daughters of members are eligible. In general, however, ability in office work is the only test.

Organised millions

It is in the older craft unions, I except agriculture, that trade unionism is most highly developed.

The heavy industries—metal, engineering, mining, shipbuilding —are the strongest groups, with agriculture the weakest. Over a thousand unions exist in Britain, but the 200 affiliated to the Congress represent about 80 per cent. of the organised workers.

There are over one hundred unions in the mining and quarrying industry, covering about one million members.

The 750,000 members employed in metal trades, engineering and shipbuilding are organised in 110 unions, but of these the Amalgamated Engineering Union and the Boilermakers' Society between them account for half a million.

Railways account for half a million members, while other forms of transport, including seamen, total about the same. These two sections are organised in forty-nine unions.

Two old paladins

Textile workers have over 200 unions, representing 600,000, nearly each branch of the trade having its separate union in each town. In Preston, for example, there are seven different textile unions.

The general labourers, who prior to the efforts of Ben Tillett and Will Thorne in 1889 were almost entirely unorganised and were the outcasts of industrial society, are now half a million strong, organised in less than twenty unions.

Public employees numbering 400,000 are organised into over 200 unions.

The growth of the multiple store and the increase in the number of co-operative societies account for the rise of the shop assistants' organisations. Two great unions cover the 250,000 organised shop workers. These are the Shop Assistants' Union and the National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers.

Miss Margaret Bondfield, Minister of Labour, who was a shop assistant before she became a school teacher, was at one time organiser for the shop assistants. Another striking woman personality is Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., of the Distributive Workers.

During the long fight for recognition of trade unionism, many striking personalities have been thrown up, and so relatively short is trade unionism's history that a number of them will still be found on the platform among the delegates at the Congress.

There are veterans like Ben Tillett and Will Thorne; the newer figures like Ernest Bevin, C. T. Cramp and George Hicks, the Building Trade Workers' Secretary, and the new yet old figures like Arthur Pugh, of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation.

Mr. Pugh has a long record of service, but his outstanding abilities did not become known until he organised the unique federated union of which he is the head. Until he had the responsibility of being chairman of the Trades Union Congress in the General Strike year he was unknown to the general public.

The quality of the trade union delegation is a high one nowadays, and in the ranks of the Trades Union Congress are many who will be the leaders of the movement in future.

Not easy to find

Successors who will combine the old fighting ability of the veterans with the business acumen of the moderns are not easy to find, but they are there.

There are brilliant men among the extremists. Such is Harry Pollitt, who, despite his extreme Left opinions, is a cool, logical thinker, with a balanced mind. One looks to him. when he has grown more moderate with the years, to fill as high a place in the councils of Congress as does his chief, Mr. John Hill.

Among the women leaders of promise is Miss Annie Loughlin. of the Tailors and Garment Workers, a woman of character.

Miss Dorothy Evans, the only woman barrister who is also a trade union secretary, made a great reputation when she conducted the case for the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries Union before the Civil Service Commission of Enquiry.

The secretary of the Congress itself, Mr. Walter Citrine, is young, and the young men and women are to the fore. There is another Left Winger, Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., who took office as secretary of his union—the Civil Service Clerical Association—when he was only 22.

Tillett's right-hand man, Frank Stillwell, is likely to go far because of keen administrative work and a good business head. Here we have again the old romantic story of the apprentice marrying his master's daughter, for he is Tillett's son-in-law.

Girls yet unknown

Another Left Winger, Jack Tanner, of the Engineers, is a revolutionary who needs only office and responsibility to give him poise and carry him forward in the movement.

Two men in the miners' unions seem destined to take high place. One is Aneurin Bevan, M.P., and the other Mr. Ebby Edwards, of the Northumberland Miners, and vice-president of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain.

Some who will be great figures in years to come are still at their jobs, in mine, factory and workshop, and unknown save as energetic committee men or branch secretaries.

It is but ten years since C. T. Cramp, who is secretary of the N.U.R., was working as a railway guard.

There is a future J. H. Thomas somewhere on the footplate, a future "Bob" Smillie at the coal face, a future Margaret Bondfield working in the bargain basement of a big store.

Youth must and will be served. Labour owes much to its veterans, but nothing so much as the opportunities which they have thrown open to young men and women to be of service to their fellows.

John Beard, chairman, at his Transport House office

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ON EASY TERMS

The Amusements of Monsieur Muche

SINCE the Boulevard du Montparnasse in Paris became what it is now, a stronghold (as somebody has accurately said) of the British and American middle classes, there is little more real amusement to be found in it than in Montmartre across the river.

Montparnasse is not the social ulcer that Montmartre is, and not so rich in specimens of Puritans on the spree being methodically relieved of their money in the just and careful French manner whereby riches too easily gathered by the Nordic in Oshkosh, Wis., are the means of ensuring a comfortable retirement and serene old age for the frugal Gaul in some village of the Centre of the Midi.

YET odd situations can happen even in Montparnasse, and Maupassant could find there more new stories than one.

The one I am about to set down—if one could only do it like Maupassant!—happened some years ago, and is true. Only the names are altered.

In a little street near the Boulevard there is a small café, or *bistrot*, exactly like thousands of others all over France; with the same mottled tables, the same few chairs, the same newspapers flapping from yellow rollers, the same zinc bar, the same awning in summer, with the same kind of lettering on it, the same globe of polished metal for holding dusters, the same apathetic waiter (if any) with large, tired feet, the same coloured wall advertisements—Byrrh, Kina-Lillet, Amourette, Amer Picon—the same bottles and glasses, the same cat.

And for all one can say, the same watchful *patronne* at the cash-desk; for these human calculating-machines may also be mass-produced for all one knows to the contrary.

And the same people frequent such cafés all over France—the small *rentier*, the bloused workman, the small tradesman, the lower bourgeoisie; for the most part dull, abstemious people, with a talent for making one frugal glass go further than a bottle can elsewhere.

Here on a summer night a few years ago, making for the Montparnasse station, I stopped with a friend for a half-litre of beer, and for no other reason.

THE last light was lingering in the sky, and out on the pavement the concierges were astride their chairs, gossiping and breathing the cool night after a tropical day, with thunder in the air. We sipped our thin yellow beer and dozed.

The *patron*, a sallow, silent, careworn man of middle-age, with a peculiar expression of watchfulness in his attitude as he stood with both hands on the sloppy zinc of his bar, gazing out of doors at the sky, roused himself and switched on one harsh electric light.

As he did so a grating voice from the far corner of the café said: "A bock."

The proprietor answered, without looking in the direction of the voice: "Very good."

"And at once," said the voice, more loudly.

The proprietor made no reply, but turned mechanically to his bar and poured out the beer, slowly wiping the bottom of the glass before he took it across to the little, marble-topped table in the corner.

I looked round. The superficial politeness of the lower French in public is by no means a constant, but to hear such a command, delivered with such a threatening rasp, is rare.

The owner of the voice was a stout, pale man, hunched up in the corner. He was in shirt-sleeves, a black briar-pipe between his strong teeth, his multiplicity of chins overflowing a collar which had been white probably a week before. His stiff hair was tinged with grey.

A commonplace figure enough, save for his small eyes, which were fixed on the proprietor with an ugly expression of sneering triumph.

But the other man avoided them as he placed the bock-glass before him. Unusual dialogue was to come.

"Is this a bock?"

"Yes, it is."

"My God! You call that a bock! Where's your wife?"

FROM the other end of the bar, at the little desk, from which the *patronne* was observing the scene with rigidly-folded arms and intent, burning, black eyes, she came slowly and stood by her husband.

"Madame," said the fat man, keeping his eyes on the *patron*, "you seem to have married a swine. Have you not married a swine?"

To my surprise, although she was a woman with every appearance of quick temper and tongue, she answered, not moving, and keeping her gaze on him: "You think so?"

"You see," said the fat man to the husband, "your wife says she has married a swine. *C'est rigolo, ça!*"

He laughed silently and unpleasantly, while the pair stood immovable before him, staring.

"Wife of a swine," said the fat man, scratching his head, "be so good as to remove this——" (here a robust synonym for the liquor before him,

"In that case, my friend, I have a message for you"

—"and bring me a Suze with water. *Et au trot, n'est ce pas?*"

While he spoke he kept his eyes on the man, who hesitated, shrugged, and went back to the bar, followed by the wife.

A couple of automatons could not have moved with more listlessness. They seemed to be going—I cannot say how soon this struck me, as I looked at them—through a kind of established ceremonial, as if the stout man, their owner, were a showman displaying them regularly.

There was no doubt that he was deriving immense satisfaction from the scene.

As the woman came back, slowly, carrying a glass and a water carafe, he fluttered his thick fingers with ironic courtesy.

"Thanks, Madame. And how many times since last week has our poor friend yonder——?"

He ended in expressive pantomime, one stodgy forefinger stuck out from each corner of his forehead, the age-old mocking sign, the immemorial insult.

The woman bit her lip.

"It is too much!" she said rapidly.

"When the Ship Came Home"

"This is a real life story that started on the slopes of Oakland behind the Golden Gate and ended in the Port of London . . ."

says

STUART MARTIN

of his story next week

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

by D. B. Wyndham Lewis

When nobody is here, well and good; but——"

She spread her hands swiftly, half ging, half appeal. In her eyes blazed furious hatred. The man at the bar tood motionless.

"For myself," replied the stout man, ranquilly, "I do not mind. It amuses e. I come here every night for my musement."

THE man behind the bar turned quickly. I have rarely seen a face more distorted with hate. The two men held each other with their eyes in silence. The stout man's anger did not change. The other was obviously mastering, with great difficulty, his longing to leap at his tormentor and choke him. After a moment's hesitation he drew a breath and turned away.

I had no particular desire to become involved in what seemed to be well on its way, so we paid for our drink and left, and I saw my friend off at Montparnasse station.

We were both of opinion that the *faits divers* of next morning's newspapers would give us the end of the business, which was sufficiently odd.

But there was nothing in the morning newspapers. Evidently the storm had blown over.

A couple of nights later I called for an artist friend at his studio and casually mentioned the little drama I had witnessed.

"Is that so?" said my friend, nodding. He knows the quarter inside out, and remembers when it was inhabited by people who had to work, like him, for a living.

"That particular little affair," he added, dusting his hat, "seems a long time coming. I have a few bets on it."

"Do you know the people?"

"Boy," he said, "when the inevitable occurs in that place and the bodies are removed life will be very drab for a lot more people than myself."

I questioned him. He said that everybody in the quarter knew about the situation in the café, and many had bets on the ultimate happenings.

"The stout fellow," he said, "is a gentleman named Muche, from the South. He was a dealer in corn and grain, well enough off—you know the peasant type. The present *patron* of the café, Jules, was in his employ. The wife, by courtesy, of Jules is Madame Muche.

"One sunny morning Monsieur Muche awoke from a drugged sleep to find his safe empty and Madame and Jules both missing, which annoyed him.

"It was not merely losing his money which annoyed him, but, to a certain extent, losing his wife, who apparently has a good business head—and not much else, as one observes.

"That was about five years ago. During those five years Muche had been looking for them at intervals, with intent to take it out of both in any manner possible.

"He found that they had invested what remained of his money in the *bistrot* round the corner. In some way I have never bothered to comprehend he was able to buy the whole house of which the *bistrot* forms the ground-floor.

"Then he moved in above them, and began to amuse himself every evening regularly in the way you have seen.

"BUT yours seems to have been a mild occasion. You should hear him putting them through his little catechism. Each time I expect the end."

"And they stand it?"

"They've stood it for nearly three months. You see, he has the bulge, so to speak, on Jules. Jules can get a lot of awards from the law for what he's done.

"The woman, who is decenter than she looks, sticks by him. She must hate Muche quite a lot. So must Jules, who knows that if he flies out under the strain of Muche's quiet fun Muche has only to whistle up the nearest policeman.

"They can't get away, because Muche would be on them, and, anyway, they've no money to speak of.

"Some night," he added, lighting a cigarette, "Jules will fall on Muche and tear the stuffing out of him, and everybody will be thoroughly glad, for a fouler corn and grain merchant never trod this earth. Let's go round and see what's going on."

As we entered, Muche, hunched in his same corner, with the same sneer, and a small glass before him, was holding forth in his grating voice on the methods used by the Sûreté-Générale—the Scotland Yard of Paris—to shadow bank-thieves.

His eyes were fixed on Jules, who was staring listlessly out of doors as before. At her little desk Madame Muche sat motionless, like an image. No other person was present.

Muche, working round to robbery in general, paused to relight his pipe. The evening's entertainment had begun; the air was full of electricity.

"You like thieves, Madame?"

A True Story

A SHRUG from Madame.

"No? Then how the devil, *pauvre chère amie*, do you support existence by the side of our friend here?"

I saw the dangerous look in the eyes of Jules, the same watchful look, the waiting look.

Monsieur Muche lapsed for a moment into silence, thinking out his next playful move. At her little desk Madame sat motionless, hands clasped before her, staring thoughtfully at the floor.

I finished my drink quickly and went out of that primitive, sinister atmosphere. My friend remained, placidly contemplating the ceiling through his cigarette-smoke.

He explained that he had to stay because Life was his hobby. "Also," he said, "I have money on Jules." I left him there. Next day I left Paris for the south.

* * *

He wrote to me some weeks afterwards. "It arrived last night. They got Jules off our fat friend before much damage was done, unfortunately. Just a hard sock with a carafe and an attempt to choke him, which was foiled by the Force.

"Result: Jules in prison and our fat friend in hospital. What filthy luck!"

A couple of months or so later he wrote to me again, saying that Muche had gone back to the little café and that Jules was back.

"The fat fellow hasn't begun his fun again yet. He just sits and watches them. I think this is worse."

I HEARD no more for several months, and then: "I don't know if you still remember the Muche affair. It is now over. Jules and Madame got away somehow a few weeks ago and opened a little low bar near the Moulin de la Galette in Montmartre. You know the kind of citizen frequenting those parts.

"Muche dogged them there before long and took up his old position, though he didn't recommence his fun. He probably thought it unwise.

"One night, just before closing-time, one of the local parishioners, a rat-faced gentleman in a cap, with a scar on his cheek, who had been loafing at the bar for some time, slouched over to Muche and said politely: 'Monsieur Muche, please?'

Muche nodded in his surly way.

"'In that case, Monsieur Muche, my friend,' said the rat-faced gentleman, 'I have a message for you.'

"And leaning over M. Muche he tranquilly produced a Browning, shot him dead, and walked out.

"He was not caught, of course, and—equally of course—Jules and Madame were aghast and vociferous at the unfortunate accident.

"Such things happen occasionally in that quarter. Nobody knows why I have lost my bet, but everybody else is much happier now, and I have heard Jules whistling."

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DEPORTED for Broadcasting!

"I have been hounded out of the States"

THE following vivid narrative, related by Mr. George W. Fellowes, an Englishman, throws a revealing light upon the graft and corruption so rampant in many parts of the United States.

Mr. Fellowes worked for a reputable political organisation and the best citizens of St. Louis; he had the respect and backing of ten churches; but he made the mistake of pitting himself against the grafters. They "got him"; and his experiences make an astounding story. . . .

* * *

MY parents took me to the United States when I was three, but when my father retired he settled on a small farm in Canada. He died when I was fourteen, and I then went to live with relatives in St. Louis.

The Great War found me a lad of eighteen or so, but I didn't wait for America to make up her mind; I recrossed the frontier and joined the Canadian forces.

After three years' service I was invalided home, having been gassed and wounded. I returned to St. Louis and completed my education at the University of California.

As I had made a special study of criminology I finally set up as an investigator on my own account.

At this time Prohibition was fostering graft on an unprecedented scale, and churches and reform workers seemed powerless to fight it.

I was asked to undertake an investigation in this connection by a State Senator, as a result of which I ran foul of certain police officers who were in with the grafters, and who swore they would "get me."

Trivial charge

The way they eventually contrived to do so is illuminating. I was fond of experimenting with wireless as a hobby, and one night the police raided the little laboratory I had established in my home.

They charged me with "operating a station without a commercial licence," though there was nothing commercial about my work. Mine happened to be the first case of its kind ever tried under the Radio Act, and after a six days' trial I was found guilty. This was in May last.

Thanks to the grafters, I was sentenced to one year and a day's imprisonment unless I cleared out of the country within ten days.

There was no fighting against it. I had to break up my home, and, accompanied by my wife, who is an American, set off for New York, intending to embark upon the *Leviathan*.

But the grafters had not pulled all their strings yet. Two emigration officers boarded the train before we reached New York, took me into custody and instructed my wife to go on alone to join the ship.

I was put aboard a deportation "special," on which the windows and doors were all barred up. For my fellow passengers I had a mixed throng of men and women, including a number of ex-convicts, gangsters and mental cases.

The sexes were herded together without discrimination, and there wasn't even a matron in charge of the women prisoners, though several of them were obviously incapable of looking after themselves.

I was finally taken to Ellis Island and thrust into a padded cell. My request to communicate with the British Consul was ignored.

When I was arrested on the train both my wife's baggage and my own had been seized. At Ellis Island officials broke the locks and ruthlessly ransacked all the cases.

Cruelly beaten

When they were ultimately restored about sixty dollars' worth of clothing had "disappeared," together with a lot of valuable documents.

I remained in the insane ward at Ellis Island for six days, and got a grim insight into the heartless methods employed by the officials in carrying out their supposed duties.

There was a poor old Irishman with me in the insane ward who was being deported because, after many years' residence in the United States, he had fallen upon evil times and had become a public charge.

This feeble old man had no relatives or friends to intervene on his behalf, and one night he was mercilessly beaten by the officials on duty. Next morning the rumour went round that he was dead.

I saw another poor Irishman, who had just landed, and who was kept in a strait jacket all the time I was there.

I suppose he was a little mental, but the guards seemed to take a delight in taunting him and would beat him unmercifully if he showed resentment.

One morning, when the medical officer found him bruised and battered, the attendants simply made the excuse that he had fallen out of his bunk on to the stone floor.

But I happen to know that he was in a padded cell, with a cot on the floor level!

Meal-time on Ellis Island. An uninspiring glimpse of the mess hall

The emigration guards carry a hard rubber baton known as a "billy," and they did not scruple to let me know that anyone presuming to protest could be speedily silenced by a dose of the "black bottle," as they termed it.

Wholesale robbery

The genuine mental patients are treated terribly, and the case of the Irish victim I have mentioned is only one instance of the fiendish practices that prevail.

Their baggage and belongings too, are at the mercy of the unscrupulous guards, who rob the feeble-minded inmates shamefully. I saw any amount of looting going on.

After my six days in the insane ward I was placed in irons and taken aboard the *Leviathan* under escort. In handing me over the officials instructed the captain to keep me under close guard and not to let me communicate with anyone.

Believing that they were to take over custody of a dangerous character the authorities had had a special cell made for me in the bowels of the ship, and the carpenters must have worked overtime getting it ready.

Fortunately, my wife had seen the captain and told him the full story. So when the ship had left New York harbour, the captain came down to see me with the ship's doctor.

We had a quiet talk, and the captain then ordered my release and permitted me to rejoin my wife in the stateroom we had already booked. For the rest of the voyage I was able to move about freely as an ordinary passenger.

There you have the contrast of British and American justice.

Everything lost

I landed in England a free man, but I have lost my home; I have been hounded out of the States for a harmless violation of their amateur broadcasting laws; and I have spent a week on Ellis Island, while untold anxiety has been imposed upon my wife.

So long as graft and corruption flourish in America, a similar fate might befall any Englishman who has the temerity to sponsor clean and honest administration.

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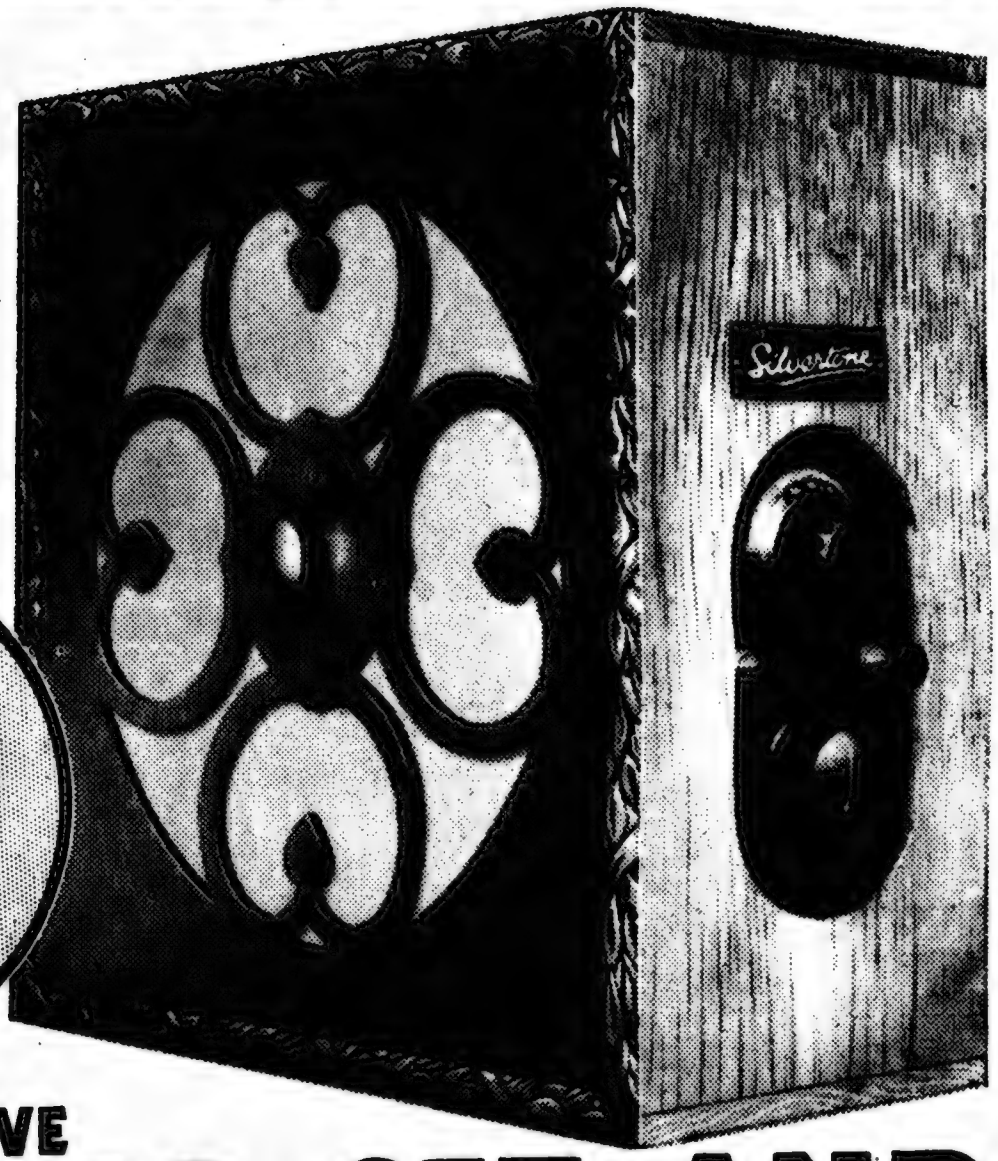

THE FAMOUS 'SILVERTONE' 2-VALVE

WIRELESS SET AND LOUD SPEAKER

ALL VALVES INCLUDED

NOTHING TO PAY

Here's further evidence of the huge success of Summit Virginia—we are now able to announce the greatest bonus offer ever made in connection with a cigarette profit sharing scheme. This handsome 2-Valve Radio Set and Loud Speaker is specially made by the famous Cossor company and carries their guarantee. No other 2-Valver excels it for range, volume and quality of reproduction. Absolutely free to smokers in exchange for 500 Summit Certificates.

SPECIFICATION: Two valves—one super-sensitive detector, one power. Transformer coupled. Single dial tuning, with reaction dial. Gets long and short wave stations. Enclosed in handsome solid oak cabinet, with carve beading.

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10 for 6d. PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED 20 for 1/-

100% PURE VIRGINIA

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Send this coupon (½d. stamp if sent in unsealed envelope) to International Tobacco Co. Ltd. Dept. 7, 161-165 Rosebery Avenue London, E.C.

Please send me FREE, the famous big Summit Bonus Book, showing nearly 200 articles, also special wireless offer leaflet AND FIVE COMPLIMENTARY CERTIFICATES.

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Address .....

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POST TO-DAY! rough J.B.1.

GUARANTEED WHOLEMEAL

EMPIRE WHEAT
—HOME-MILLED

Only the *finest wheat* that grows in this country and the Empire is used in stone-milling Allinson Wholemeal—and the *most careful selection* is made to maintain one high standard of quality. When you get an Allinson loaf with the Allinson paper band round it, *you are certain* that you are getting what you need—*the whole of the goodness of the wheat* with nothing added and nothing taken away. *Allinson Bread and fruit* make an ideal meal in summertime—perfectly balanced and very nourishing, particularly for growing children.

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FREE GIFTS *SAVE THE BANDS FROM ALLINSON BREAD and exchange them for Books, Pictures, Gramophone Records and other useful articles. Write for particulars: Allinson, Ltd., 210 Cambridge Road, E.2.*

FOR HOME COOKERY use Allinson Flour, obtainable in 3½, 7 and 14-lb. hygienic sealed cotton bags from bakers and grocers everywhere. Each bag contains form for FREE RECIPE BOOK and Gift Scheme Coupon.

Allinson Bread

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save. ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER BEST & PUREST

NEW JOBS for Wireless

ONE by one the fairy-tales come true and the wildest flights of the old romancers become prosaic, everyday facts. Soon it will be a commonplace to call up magic powers by a twirl of the fingers.

Aladdin's Lamp is already in every wireless set, from the humble "hook-up" to the luxurious "multi-valve," but its powers and possibilities are as yet little known.

Scientists call it the thermionic valve. In shape and appearance it is familiar to everyone who has the simplest kind of wireless set—that small glass bulb, the wireless valve.

Yet this little instrument, or something like it, may revolutionise the world we live in.

Imagine the day—not so far distant—when the woman of the house will be able to turn over a switch and snatch from the ether all the power she needs to wash the clothes and turn the mangle.

Policemen on beat will soon be equipped with pocket radio sets to help them trap motor bandits and other malefactors.

At the Radio Exhibition which opens in Olympia, London, on September 19, new wonders will be seen—and it all rests on the thermionic valve.

The wonder-knife

The value of this wonderful contrivance lies in its power of magnifying enormously any electrical impulse fed into it, however tiny.

It can develop that electric energy known as high-frequency currents. The thermionic valve is already being used in industry, and even in medicine.

For instance, there is the vacuum furnace used for melting metals and fusing chemicals without contact with air.

But one of the greatest marvels is the use of these currents in surgery.

The "electrical" knife consists of a platinum wire connected to a valve-generator. When the wire touches the patient's body the intense heat cuts its way along, making as keen an incision as the sharpest knife.

A great advantage of this new method is that the "knife" cauterises as it goes, so that the wound is absolutely clean. There is less shock than by the old method, less pain, and the wound heals rapidly.

Even a fly—

With the amplifying type of valve amazing things have been achieved.

It has given the scientist a tool for precise measurement of well-nigh incredible perfection.

Some time ago Professor Dowling, of Dublin University, devised an instrument he called the "ultra-micrometer," using an arrangement of thermionic valves.

With it he measured the bending of a bar of steel when a fly landed on it.

Instruments on the same principle are now being used in engineering for the detection of flaws in metal and structures, and for the calculation of stresses and strains.

Their use has greatly increased the safety factor and has shortened manufacturers' processes.

It has long been known that some substances change their electrical properties as light falls upon them. Selenium, for instance, is one of these, and out of this discovery was born the instrument known as the "light sensitive cell."

But it has awaited the development of the modern valve with its magnifying properties before it could be brought to full perfection.

As a direct consequence of this we now have television, the "electrical" recording of gramophone-records, the talking picture.

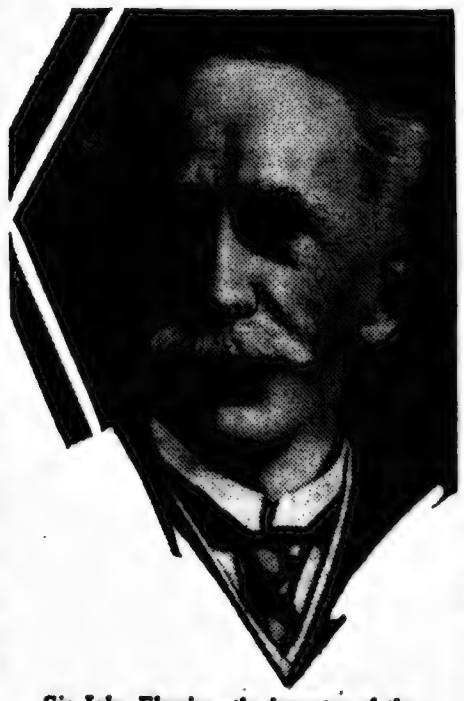
From it new industries already are springing up which will later on make for more employment.

Other applications in industry are instruments which will detect instantly differences in shade. Here it will come into use in colour-works, textile industries and others; it may be used for transparency tests for various kinds of paper, and in the optical industries.

In many cases the instruments are connected to machinery so that they will control manufacturing processes to a perfection unattainable by merely human agency.

They can be set to accept or reject material passing before them according to an arranged standard. Some arrange packages according to size and weight.

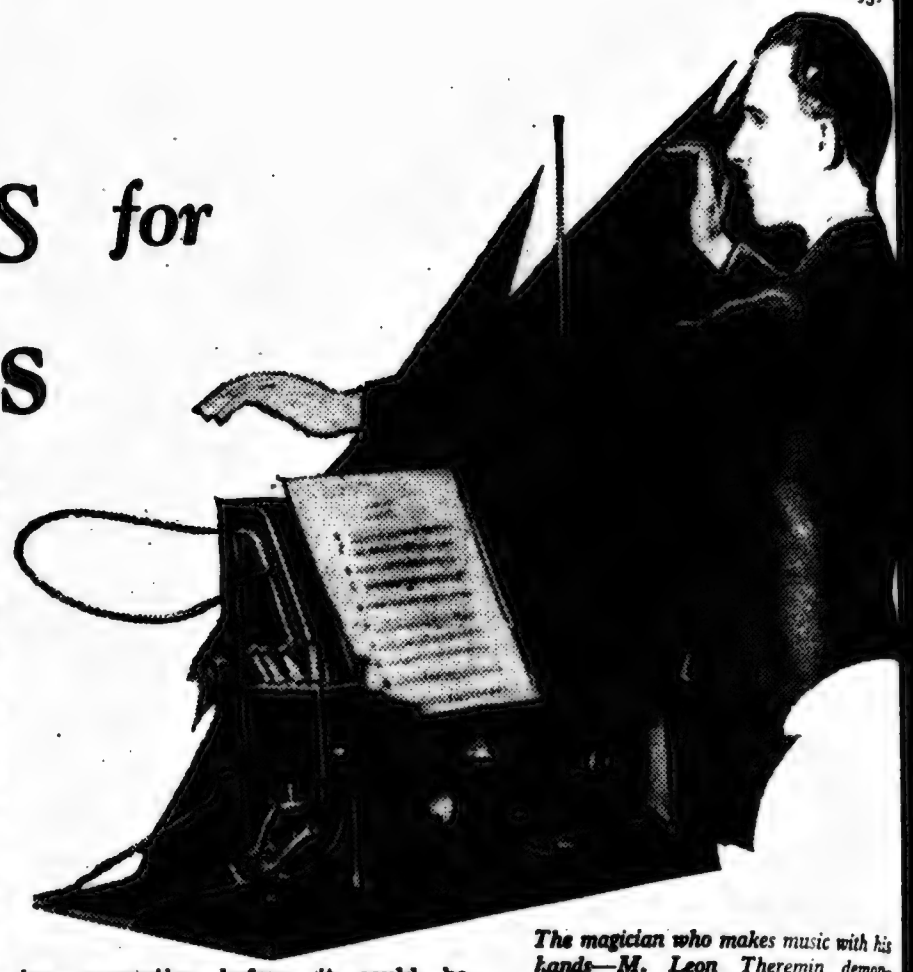
Others grade articles such as fruit to size and colour. Again, others automatically count articles passing before them.



Sir John Fleming, the inventor of the thermionic valve

These latter appliances all work on the same principle. By means of an arrangement of mirrors, a beam of light is cast across the path of the oncoming object.

This beam is projected into a light-sensitive cell. As the beam is broken by the object the current in the cell changes, the valves amplify the change, and the machinery comes into operation.



The magician who makes music with his hands—M. Leon Theremin demonstrates his wonder machine

The same principle is being used on automatic burglar-alarms. In this case the beam, so fine as to be invisible, is laid across, say, a safe or a doorway.

A network of beams could be laid along a room so that nobody could move without the tell-tale cells giving the alarm.

Most people know the story of the visitor in the pork-packing factory of Chicago, who was proudly told that in that place they used everything of the pig except its squeal.

Well, even that distressing phenomenon, so similar and so madly familiar to ardent experimenters with the knobs and dials of wireless sets, has been put to use.

An ingenious Russian, named Theremin, discovered a way of harnessing the squeal or the quality in the valve which produces it. He recently gave concerts which startled the musical world of Berlin and London.

Ethereal music

By merely advancing or withdrawing his hand from a brass rod projecting from the apparatus he could produce a note of any pitch or tone.

He could, for instance, produce a violin tone of a purity and beauty which a violinist could only achieve in years of assiduous endeavour.

But perhaps the greatest use for the wireless valve will be in the cheap transmission of power.

Marconi's experiment in lighting 3,000 lamps in a Sydney exhibition by the mere pressing of a button 12,000 miles away is a prophetic act.

In the case of this experiment a minute quantity only of power was sent from his yacht *Elettra* to Rugby, in England.

This quantity, however, was sufficient to set the necessary apparatus in motion.

But because of the extraordinary properties of the wireless valve and its brothers and cousins, in converting and amplifying all forms of electrical energy, we may yet see the day when all power will be sent by these means.

At the transmission-stations power may be fed into giant valves and these sent out at any desired frequency. This radiated power can then be picked up at sub-stations *en route* and re-radiated.

Each home and factory and vehicle may be its own sub-station, drawing electrical energy from a common source, just as now our wireless sets draw entertainment sent out in electrical energy from the B.B.C.

"Never use any soap except Palmolive"

warns
EMILE MASSÉ
whose beauty Salon in Paris is known throughout the Continent.

"Every complexion needs soap and water. But some soaps are harmful. They injure the texture of the skin. They contain too much free alkali . . . caustic soda . . . similar irritants. That is why I advise my clients: 'Never use any soap except Palmolive.'"

L. Massé
16, Rue Daunou, Paris.

Palmolive is pure. It is made entirely of palm and olive oils, known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

"THE beauty specialist cannot work on an irritated skin," says Emile Massé, of Paris. "Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing, non-irritating." Monsieur Massé, famous Parisian beauty specialist, explains—in those words—why 20,000 of his celebrated colleagues recommend Palmolive Soap.

Why the skin needs soap and water

The pores must be thoroughly yet gently cleansed twice every day, to keep the skin from looking drawn, muddy, coarse, uncared for.

Palm and olive oils, as combined in Palmolive Soap, provide a penetrating, healing cleanliness that is the very foundation of facial beauty. "This soap," says Massé, "combines deep cleansing with the cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Palmolive's colour is the natural colour of olive and palm oils. The natural odour of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfume. It contains no other fats whatever . . . just Nature's own cosmetic oils.

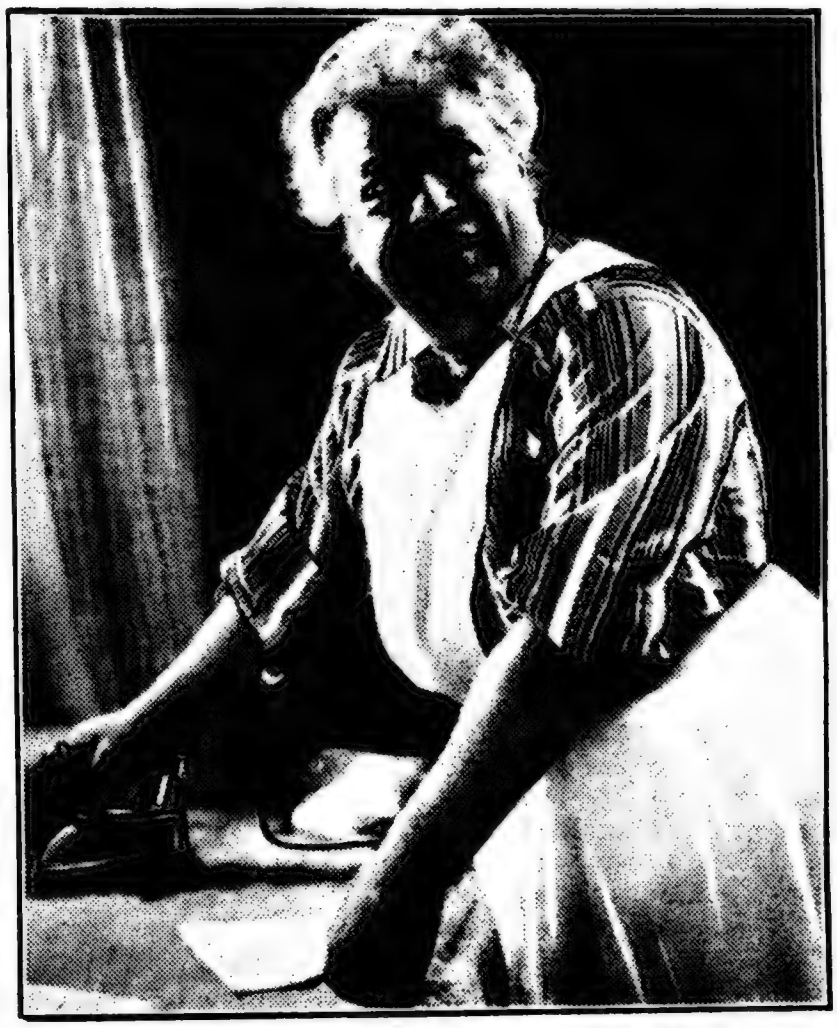
Use Palmolive daily

Co-operate with your beauty expert by using Palmolive Soap daily in this simple treatment:

Massage a smooth lather of Palmolive gently into the skin for about 2 minutes. Then rinse it off with warm water, graduating to cold. That's all. But be sure you do it regularly night and morning — as Monsieur Massé and the other famous experts advise.

Use Palmolive for the bath, too. It costs no more than ordinary soaps.

4½d per tablet



'We've much to be thankful for, Mum!' *says Mrs. Rawlins*

"You could put blankets outside to-day, Mum, it's such drying weather. It isn't every week we gets such a Tuesday. But there now, I've got nothing to grumble about. The work's gone like a panto this afternoon. That Robin Starch deserves a medal! Mixes in next to no time! Sends the iron along a fair treat!

"As for the finish, Mum, just look at that lace table-cloth. Wouldn't look amiss in a queen's drawing-room! Can you wonder that I holds by Robin so? It's indisputable that once you've used Robin Starch ironing's an open book to you!"

ROBIN Starch

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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

FREE *Test your skill—£212 in Prizes.*
Turn to the Diploma Advt. on page 27.

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What is your spare time worth to you?

If you can write a good letter—if you have a little natural aptitude for literary work—you can be trained to earn a substantial second income in your leisure hours.

You need not be a genius to become a successful writer. Many contributors who find a ready market for their articles and stories are men and women of average education. Training was the short cut to their mastery of the rules of effective writing.

The records of the Regent Institute (which has a world-wide reputation for training free-lance journalists) contain scores of cases of *almost immediate success* won by students who had never written a line for publication before they enrolled.

A woman student placed 55 articles with leading journals within ten months of enrolment. A few years later she reported that she had sold 625 further MSS. Another student secured permanent and remunerative work as a result of the tuition, *besides selling every one of the exercises submitted.* Following are extracts from two of the many hundreds of letters on file:

"I am being successful in having all my work published, and, thanks to the invaluable help and advice I received, I have made writing a profitable pastime. I cannot speak too highly of the benefits of the Institute."

"It is now some time since I finished the course in journalism. I wish to state that your advice has been invaluable to me in constructing articles of the right type. Unfortunately, I have had little time for writing. Almost all the articles I have turned out have been accepted, which you will agree is encouraging."

WRITE Articles and Stories In Spare Time.

Over 1,000 publications need the work of outside contributors. The supply of brightly written articles and stories *does not keep pace with the demand.*

Send to-day for a free copy of the Institute's prospectus, "How to Succeed as a Writer." It contains much striking information and describes the Regent postal courses, which have enabled so many novices to *earn while learning.*

Cut out this coupon and post it in an unsealed envelope (½d. stamp), or write a simple request for the booklet.

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(Dept. 101A), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8

Without obligation on my part, please send me a copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer"—free and post free.

Name .....
(Block letters)
Address .....
.....

HUSH-HUSH *Fashion Parade*

The mannequin draws aside the curtain from Olympia's dazzling secrets

MONDAY next is Monday the Mysterious. A great hush-hush show opens at Olympia. Doors will be carefully guarded. You, who are but a humble member of the public, shall not pass!

Behind the great walls the chosen few will gaze on a sight that would set a-flutter every feminine heart in Britain. Next year's fashions—no less. Row on row of dazzling stands laden with an abundance of beauty, with the necessary splash of utility.

But Miss and Mrs. Everyman will not be allowed to see for themselves what they are to wear next year, and Mr. Everyman will not discover how much more, or how much less, he will have to pay.

This is the ninth year of the show, and it will be the biggest yet. It will extend over ten days, and more than 120 firms are exhibiting.

Foreign "spies"

Thousands of eager buyers will come from the shops and salons of Britain and Ireland from as far apart as Plymouth, Inverness, Londonderry and Dublin.

There will be buyers, too, from the outskirts of Empire, from America, France, Germany, Holland, Spain and other European countries. Together with the home element they represent a vast purchasing power.

That they will be tempted scarcely needs emphasising. Even Britain's greatest rivals, Paris and Berlin, now confess that the Olympia exhibition has to be very seriously reckoned with.

Their "spies" will be here to "see what we have copied"—as they jokingly suggest.

More accurately, they will be here to see what we can beat them at this year.

It is a matter of opinion whether we can successfully cope with Paris. It is also a matter of history and prestige. But it can be boasted that everything the well-dressed British woman needs can be found at the exhibition.

Frills and flounces

And the secrets of the show? JOHN BULL has stepped in where the fair angels of Mayfair would fear to tread, and there is nothing startlingly revolutionary to report.

My lady's dress will be still longer. It will tend to frill and flounce. We are not speculating as to what effect this news will have on femininity, but manufacturers will shake hands with themselves, for it means the use of more material.

The new creations for Eve will be more "fussy." There will be more of what mere man calls "bits and pieces."

Waists will be high, and hats bigger, with a bent for the "floppy."

Tailor-made coats will fit the figure, and fur cuffs and collars will again be in vogue.

But the catalogue is the buyer's bible. Thou shalt not peep into its pages until Monday, when the scribes will be admitted to explode the secrets to a palpitating feminine world.

Seventy proud women and girls will display the autumn and winter models at a daily mannequin parade, which is the main feature of the show. This begins in the early morning, shortly after breakfast, when buyers are at their keenest and most critical.

"Gate-crashers" will be politely but firmly dealt with by the officials. Every effort has been made to prevent the transference of season tickets, which may be used only by the principals and buyers from retail and shipping houses in the trades concerned.

For mannequin parades such as this are an irresistible attraction to the fair sex. If the public were admitted they would flock there in their thousands.

Apart from the lure of the lovely apparel, these girls have considerable beauty and charm. Who are they, and where do they come from, and what is the value of their job?

There are hundreds of them in the country. Some are in permanent employment, but the majority are not.

Showroom girls

There are mannequins who are as famous in their way as star actresses. They are known by their names and appear in salons all over Europe. Their physical beauty, grace and personality are things to marvel at.

There are the showroom girls and the pin-money girls. There are girls who alternate between mannequin and film work.

Many of them are cultured and extremely well educated. They like the life. It is "easy" and involves the wearing of beautiful things in beautiful surroundings. Salaries vary from £3 to £10 a week.

But they are not all young. Creations for the middle-aged must be exhibited too, and one of the best-paid mannequins in Britain is a woman well advanced towards fifty.

Those who will take part in the parades at Olympia are, in the main, connected with the firms exhibiting.

Foreign buyers at the show will be interested mainly in those creations in which the British designer excels—the not-too-Parisian, or happy medium, such as country coats and skirts.

For quiet dignity and restraint no country in the world can rival us.

That a good proportion of the designs from which British models are made should come from Paris is inevitable, but the English designer is not to be sneered at.

Englishmen and women excel equally in the art. In many cases designers are husband and wife, a combination that leads to a matrimonial alliance that is both pleasant and profitable.

As a profession as well as a busin it is lucrative, and there is money plenty for the man or woman with ju that ideal combination of taste, jud ment, foresight and technical kno ledge that goes to make the perfe designer.

The organisation behind mode fashions is intricate and fascinatin There must not be too much of a go thing or too little. Slavish imitati must be avoided and a steady fing kept on the pulse of the public.

It is an oft-repeated idea that t fashion-dictators can make wom wear what they please, but the di tators themselves are not so sel confident or arrogant.

The styles at Olympia will represe not altogether what the dictato desire the public to have, but wh they think the public will like a what is a natural development of t fashions that went before.

Revolutionary changes are the e ception rather than the rule.

No duplicates

And, after all, "You can please of the women some of the time, a some of the women all of the tim but you cannot please all of the wom all of the time!"

A factor in the fashion world th must not be neglected is the desir bility of restricting the distribution models.

That awful moment when M Smith, the dentist's wife, encounte Mrs. Brown, the curate's wife, at t hospital bazaar dressed in a replica her own "exclusive" gown must avoided at all costs.

Of one thing the organisers of t Olympia show are convinced: Briti women and girls in the new autum and winter fashions will look mo entrancing than ever.

What more can anybody want?

"MOONRAKER" EMPIRE CHEESE labels may be used.

D. 142

PRIZES

£212 IN PRIZES

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £5
5th PRIZE £2

250 PARCELS (each value 10/-) of DIPLOMA PURE FOODS

A flippant young flapper named Flo
Went a car ride with Bertie, her beau,
And they made quite a stir
Going 'sixty miles per'

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7)

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, September 19, 1930.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA
the ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire Box of 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½

£650

Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 76.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £600 prize. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £300 will be despatched :—

F. Anthony, 83, Bracebridge Street, Nuneaton.
Mrs. E. Freeman, 5, Lynwood Gardens, Waddon, Surrey.

Solutions containing one error each were received from the following 27 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving £1 17s. 1d. :—

Agar, R. J., 7, Essex Rd., Manor Park, E.12; Alexander, J., 9, Low Double Row, North Seaton; Asbury, G., Junr., 12, Station Rd., Langley, Birmingham; Barritt, F., 23, Cobden St., Burnley; Black, A., 15, Leonard St., Arbroath; Booth, J., 20, Harrison Rd., Chorley, Lancs; Chapman, G., 9, Tram Rd. Side, Dinas, Rhondda; Collins, J., 26, Harcourt St., Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts; Conway, J., 32, Elm Rd., Skellow, Doncaster; Coutts, F. M., 5, Almondbank Terr., Edinburgh; Dubber, Mrs. A., 267, Lake Rd., Portsmouth; Foster, A. C., 26, Foster Terr., Dublin, N.E.6; Halliwell, W., 4, Penn St., Pellon Lane, Halifax; Hill, A., 4, George Place, Northbrook St., Winson Green, Birmingham; Hopkins, W., 1, Downside Terr., Trebanog, Porth; Howard, Miss M., 205, Bradford Rd., Riddlesden, Keighley; Howes, A., 366, Hackford Rd., Brixton, S.W.9; Lee, F., 6, Clegg St., Milnrow, Nr. Rochdale; Moncrieff, Mrs. H., 31, Progress St., Blackburn; Pitt, M., Standlake, Witney, Oxon; Riley, F., 10, South Ealing Rd., Ealing, W.; Rothery, T. S., 93, Blackman Lane, Leeds; Sandham, W., 6, Beech St., Lancaster, Lancs; Scoffin, H. H., 79, Newark Rd., Lincoln; Scott, Miss H., Waterfall Terr., Gt. Ayton, Yorks; Stebbings, J. E., 1, Holly Rd., Oulton Broad, Lowestoft; Taylor, Mrs. E., 305, Blackburn Rd., Accrington, Lancs.

Another £600 Crossword appears on Page 32.
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10/- monthly after.

AVON GROUP A very convenient Dining Room Group finished in Oak comprising 4 ft. Bow Front Sideboard with 3 drawers and 2 roomy cupboards £8 17s. 6d. 4 ft Gate-leg Table £4 2s. 6d. Four Small Chairs with drop-in rexine seats £5. Two comfortable Armchairs covered in beautiful shadow tissue, £1 12s. 6d. each. **GROUP COMPLETE 19 Gns.**

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WARBLINGTON GROUP A very well constructed Oak Bedroom Suite, comprising 3 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe, with mirror inside door. Low Dressing Table, with frameless patent adjustable mirror, and Dressing Chest with drawer and spacious cupboard. Suite £22 10s. 0d. Double Bedstead, complete with spring, overlay, bolster and 2 pillows. £10 5s. 0d. **GROUP COMPLETE £32.10.0**

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The Woman who Gives TOO MUCH

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

THREE years ago my husband had to go into another town to do work which necessitated his lodging away from home.

His landlady was a married woman with three children, but that did not prevent my husband and the woman "falling in love."

What passed in this family I don't know. My part in the affair began when one night my husband brought the woman and her three children to me to be "taken care of."

Dumbfounded as I was, I could hardly turn the children adrift late at night, so I made them up a bed.

Early next day the woman's husband turned up.

Happily for me, he did not make any disturbance. He was merely tight-lipped and silent—said he had come to fetch his children home, and without meeting any resistance from his wife, did so.

My husband then reappeared, and quietly, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, asked me to keep the woman with me while he was away at work and until he came home at the week-ends.

I replied that the woman might shelter with me, but only if he kept away.

In the end, as I was adamant about the two living together in my house, they went to London together.

For a year I heard no news. Then a letter came from my husband. He asked me to go to see him—the woman, he said, had left him. I went, and had another shock, for there they were still living together, though trouble had arisen.

THE woman thought my husband better off than he was. She told me that he had spent all his savings, including money I had helped him to put by to purchase a house. He was now penniless, and she didn't intend to stand for that.

My husband, furious at these revelations, swore that all was my fault for turning them out.

He drew a revolver and tried to shoot us both.

I managed to wrest it from him and rushed out of the house. I returned home, and have never seen either of them since.

All my sacrifice appeared to have been in vain, for I love my husband dearly, and rather than see him unhappy with me, I gave him freely to the other woman, though hoping that he would tire of his folly.

You will think me an easy-going person, for I write to him every week, and even now, when he is in work, he sends me thirty shillings a week. Yet I feel lonely, for I am still in my twenties, and often wonder if I have been wise.

"HUMANIST" says: You have acted foolishly. Not content with encouraging your husband's immorality, you have connived at robbing another man of his wife and his children of their mother. It is your duty to divorce your husband.

A RESCUER

on the rocks

ON Saturday, February 27, 1909, I was returning from work at the pit when I met with an adventure that has ended in ruining my life.

I was employed at the time as a loader, and had to stand all day in a place so hot that it went by the name of Hell, because any man working there was done brown as a roasted onion. It was quite impossible to cool down properly when the shift was over.

This was my condition, exhausted and over-heated, when I met a little chap crying terribly and shouting.

Between sobs he told me two little boys, brothers, had gone through the ice in the "Bathing Pool."

I rushed to the spot, and about thirty yards from the edge of the water I espied the children.

I plunged into the icy flurry and, partly wading, partly swimming, managed to get both boys out. There the folk standing round did what they could, but it was an hour before a doctor was brought, and when he arrived he pronounced the children dead.

At the inquest I was given five shillings for bringing the little fellows to shore and half-a-crown for being a witness.

But that did not end the matter for me. I gradually lost my hearing and now I am totally deaf, my doctor testifying that the infliction is the direct result of the plunge into icy water when I was over-heated.

Still I worked along at the coal-face until my pit closed down. I have never been taken on at another "because of the deafness," and have been out of work ever since.

I have a wife and small children to support on the "Dole," which I hate.

I feel it would all along have b... help to me in the struggle to find a... if I had only had a certificate of m... to show in proof of the deed to wh... my deafness is due.

"HUMANIST" says: If those w... witnessed the rescue took action, ev... at this late hour, something might ... done for you. I trust they will try...

MASTERED

by a restless wife

EIGHT years ago I married a w... widow with two children.

My wife was seven ye... older than myself, and h... gained a certificate in midwife... After the birth of my second child ... work as an electrician took me ... another village, and it was there ... troubles started.

My wife made the acquaintance ... a young married neighbour, whose p... sion was dancing. They went abo... together, and my wife seemed to fi... my company less and less attractive.

When I spent my evenings garde... ing she declared such a life "stuff... and went off with her friend.

I complained. There were rows, a... I was summoned for cruelty, the c... being dismissed.

I have done all a working-man co... be expected to do. I embarrass... myself by securing a motor-cycle co... bination in order to give her pleasur...

She is expecting a baby, and appea... to hate me in consequence.

She has left home and gone to li... with her friend, declaring that s... will support herself with midwifery.

I am in despair, and wonder if I a... a fool for struggling to keep on t... home. My wife's own children are o... in places, but mine come here eve... day, though I take them back to the... mother for nights.

"HUMANIST" says: Possibly yo... wife's condition is making her mo... than usually unreasonable. She m... be glad of her home when the ba... is born.

Meanwhile, remember that it ... easier to quarrel than make peace. ... try, by patient forbearance, to w... back your wife's allegiance.

Follow our Football Expert

Matches played August 30

A man of the moment—Chelsea's Hugh Gallacher, Scottish International

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) BIRMINGHAM v. Sheffield United.
(2) WEST HAM v. Huddersfield.
(3) Blackpool v. Arsenal.
(4) SUNDERLAND v. Manchester City.
*(5) BOLTON v. Middlesbrough.
**(6) WEDNESDAY v. Newcastle.
(7) Grimsby v. CHELSEA.
(8) Manchester United v. Aston Villa.
**(9) LEEDS v. Portsmouth.
(10) LIVERPOOL v. Blackburn.
(11) Leicester v. DERBY.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) BRADFORD CITY v. Charlton.
(2) MILLWALL v. Stoke.
(3) NOTTS FOREST v. Wolves.
(4) BURNLEY v. Bury.
*(5) OLDHAM v. Bradford.
(6) PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. Everton.
(7) PORT VALE v. Barnsley.
(8) SWANSEA v. Cardiff.
(9) PRESTON N.E. v. Southampton.
*(10) WEST BROM. ALBION v. Bristol City.
*(11) TOTTENHAM v. Reading.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).

(1) Bristol Rovers v. Northampton.
(2) EXETER v. Norwich.
(3) Coventry v. Notts County.
*(4) FULHAM v. Watford.
(5) Luton v. BRENTFORD.
(6) GILLINGHAM v. Brighton.
(7) NEWPORT v. Torquay.
(8) Southend v. CRYSTAL PALACE.
**(9) SWINDON v. Bournemouth and Bos.
*(10) QUEEN'S P. R. v. Thames.
(11) WALSALL v. Clapton Orient.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).

(1) Accrington v. Crewe.
*(2) STOCKPORT v. Hull.
(3) CHESTERFIELD v. Carlisle.
(4) Barrow v. TRANMERE.
(5) Gateshead v. Doncaster.
*(6) DARLINGTON v. Wigan.
(7) HALIFAX v. Hartlepools.
*(8) NEW BRIGHTON v. Lincoln.
(9) ROTHERHAM v. York.
(10) ROCHDALE v. Nelson.
(11) SOUTHPORT v. Wrexham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) RANGERS v. Motherwell.
(2) ABERDEEN v. Airdrie.
(3) East Fife v. CELTIC.
(4) CLYDE v. Cowdenbeath.
(5) HAMILTON v. Ayr.
**(6) FALKIRK v. Partick Thistle.
(7) HIBERNIANS v. Leith Athletic.
(8) KILMARNOCK v. Hearts.
(9) QUEEN'S PARK v. St. Mirren.
(10) MORTON v. Dundee.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Saturday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—7(*A*), 5(*H*), 6(*H*); Div. II.—11 (*H*); Southern Section—8 (*A*); Scottish—7(*H*). This would indicate Chelsea, Bolton, Wednesday, Tottenham Hotspur, Crystal Palace and Hibernians—four home teams and two away teams.

The Greatest of These—" Fund

"Tommy" Micawber

and hope that won't turn up

MR. HENRY is an upright, fine type of man, carrying his sixty-two years lightly. He received a nasty blow recently, when his "relief" was stopped and it was suggested that he should enter the institution.

"I am not prepared to break up my home at the age of sixty-two," he said, and go into the workhouse, after having rendered services to my country when she was in need. At the age of forty-eight I voluntarily answered the call."

"... hopeful"

Determined to keep his liberty, which is his only happiness, he has struggled along, parting with anything in his home on which he could raise a few shillings to meet his rent of 5s. 3d. per week.

His "home" is sad enough, for he was left a widower eighteen years ago, and, of his nine children, two sons only are left.

One is in India, and the other is married with five children, and cannot help his Dad as he would like to.

Does "Dad" feel lonely at times? Well, yes. But, as long as he can keep his independence and walk about, hopeful of getting a light job, he is happy.

"I am a self-educated man," he told us, "but I have read the works of nearly all the best authors. My favourite is Dickens. I am a proper Mr. Micawber," he added, "and I live in the expectation of something turning up."

That "something turning up" we ask our readers to help us to supply.

Any subscriptions sent earmarked for this case will be given to him, without deductions for the running expenses of the Fund, which are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A Reader of "John Bull," 6d.; Lina, 10s.; Hopeful, 2s.; "My Name's Jess," 1s.; (Enjoyed Holiday) (Benllech), 1s.; M. B. (Blairgowrie), 2s. 6d.; G. G. (Hitchin), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Invalid (Darwen), 2s. 6d.; G. Strongman (Everton), 1s.; R. B. (Moreton), 2s. 6d.; Tommy on "Bullets" Front, 2s.; In Loving Memory of Victor (Preston), 1s. 3d.; K. Doyle (Houghton-le-Spring), 2s. 6d.; L. B., 2s. 6d.; A Thankful Heart (Thornaby-on-Tees), £1; Miss A. E. Weekes (Hurstpierpoint), 6s.; Brookfield (Dartmouth Park), 3s.; Margaret Nicol (Glasgow), 2s.; Elaine and Betty (Powick), 1s.; "?" (Acton), 1s. 5d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; G. M. S., 1s. 3d.; Taylor (Mold Green), 6d.; A Rose of the Valleys, 1s.; A. H. Fuller, 2s. 6d.; A Labourer (Gillingham), 2s. 6d.; Nan and Jack, 7s.; Anon. (Northwich), Is. Tackle (Southampton), 1s.; F. B. (Nuneaton), 1s. 6d.; F. Patman (Norwich), 2s.; D. S., 2s. 6d.; Bohemian, 1s.; R. R. Brown (Cardiff), 5s.; J. S., 1s.; A. Phillips (Overton), 2s. 6d.; Plymouth, 10s.; A Sympathiser (Egham), 10s.; Mrs. E. Frost (Hove), £1; Anon. (Manchester), 1s.; Anon. (Clapham), 1s.; H. L. (Brentford), 7s. 6d.; F. P. (Gloucester), 2s. 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; M. Ashworth (Leicester), 2s.; M. E. X., 1s. 6d.; J. N. A., 2s.; M. T. (Plymouth), 2s.; Betsy (Avening), 6d.; Unemployed (Tengrefuil), 6d.; Sero Sed Serio, 11d.; H. (Alresford), 10s.; Well-Wisher (Possilpark), 7s. 6d.; Anon. (Wood Green), 6d.; A Tride, 1s.; Miss A. Day (Norwich), 1s.; Mr. C. Sullivan, 1s.; Mac (Glasgow), 5s.; A Helpful Dose (Plymouth), 6d.; Jim (Barrow-in-Furness), 2s. 6d.; Rodden, £3 7s. 6d.; Thank Offering (Leamington), 5s.; Mrs. C. A. Holroyde (Upper Warlingham), £1; I. L. M. O. D. (Abingdon), 5s.; L. V. ... Slipper (Aberkenfig), 2s. 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; Anon., 12s. 6d.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper, 6d.; F. B. Wakefield), 1s.; Hope, 1s.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Irvine), 2s.; T. T., 2s. 6d.; A Reader of "John Bull," 5s.; Emily, 1s.; Widow with Three Children, 1s.; Kitty and Cyril, 2s.; 24 (Worthing), 2s. 6d.; R. Walton (Amersham), 2s. 6d.; Audax, 4s. 6d.; L. E. E. C. ...; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 10s.; S. E. T. B., £1; Mrs. P. Smith, 10s.; Hebe Fund, £25. "?" 1s 7½d.; E. M. Hewett, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. H. Beverley, 2s.; Helpakit (Dovercourt), 2s.; Sympathiser (Shepherd's Bush), 5s.; Joyce (In Memory of Mother), 5s.; L. E. Adams (Moseley), 1s.; Anon. (Ilford), 1s. 6d.; M. His-Name, 6d.; Timber Humper, 2s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: D. W. (Loughborough); H. J. Price (Llandovery); Old Pensioner (Brixton); "J. B." Reader (Feltham); One who has much to be thankful for"; Peggy Lyall; Mrs. A. Field (Harrow Weald); Eltham, S.E.9; Mrs. Lidbetter, A Sussex Widow.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

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Strongly made case, best quality fittings and lid Pocket for 8 Records. Latest improved Sound Box. Non-Spillable Needle Box. 10 in. Plush Turntable and exceptionally strong Motor. Rich and beautiful sound reproduction.

For 295 coupons

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Many other Valuable Gifts from 10 Coupons up.

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without any cash payment whatsoever, the "DENNIS" Super Five-Valve Portable and/or the "CHELLOPHONE" Portable Gramophone, with Twenty-six 3/- records
& COLLECT COUPONS AFTERWARDS
I enclose one Navy Club empty carton.

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

I'm Better— —I'm Worse than MY PARENTS

THE desire of my parents was to give me a better chance in life than they had had. Seeking not their own, but with their eyes fixed firmly ahead, they went about their work.

I am better than my parents, and therein lies the consummation of their work. If I were not, the work would be wasted.

My aim shall be to give my children a better chance than I have had, that they may be better than I. That is progress.—*A Link in the Chain, Wakefield.*

Out of Gloom

I was born of Scottish fisher people, and brought up in an atmosphere of religious intolerance and bigotry.

We were scarcely even allowed to smile on the Sunday. The result was that that day was always hateful to us young people. I still reverence the Lord's Day, but, thank goodness, in a different way.

My children get their freedom as on any other day. I romp with them in the garden, and we say our "good words" before going to bed, feeling we have spent the day well.—*Mrs. M., Kirkcaldy.*

In One Basket

My parents commenced housekeeping on 25s. weekly. Five children were born. A struggle to exist consequently limited comforts and education.

I have one boy, and hope to give him every chance in life. Further children would spoil his prospects.

Father was a stern disciplinarian, and his children were afraid to speak to or confide in him.

My child regards me as a pal, and freely shares with me his troubles and joys. I believe that in later years he will always turn to me as his best friend.—*Engineer.*

They Were Careless

Why I'm better than my parents.

I have had no encouragement from my parents in my ambitions, and very little sympathy in trouble and difficulty.

On the contrary, I am always ready to sympathise with and help the generation younger than my own. I can look back and understand, without condemning.

Having no children of my own, I find pleasure in doing what I can in the way of sympathy and encouragement for other people's.—*O. D., Birmingham.*

Sins of the Fathers

I am better.

I stick to my wife, family and home. I shall never leave on account of a supposed failing of my wife, nor will I hand the children over to the care of relatives should anything happen.

My parents parted when I was a child. My father, living in the same town, avoided us. My mother but twelve miles away—she never came.

I guess the trouble—I know. I shall stick to my lot no matter what happens. My two sons are not responsible for sin committed by either of us.—*Understanding, Glamorgan.*

On their Shoulders

When I was old enough to understand, my parents asked me always to remember that it was their hope that when I grew up I should be better than they.

I made a solemn promise that I would do my best, but reminded them that it would be very difficult.

To-day, I am better than my parents because their teaching has enabled me to avoid pitfalls which they themselves found only by experience.

By believing that my parents were the finest on earth, I am able to give my own youngsters the benefit of my parents' teaching together with my own.—*K. S., Hanley.*

"ins" of Pleasure

Better than my parents—yes. I lived in a wicked atmosphere, supposed to be good.

My father belonged to brethren, commonly called The Saints. Parents were Saints. The innocent children were the sinners.

Sunday-school teachers were bullies. Elders inflicted physical cruelty on the young.

All pleasures were sinful then. Now we have the reaction. I have had to unlearn nearly all I was taught.

Now I enjoy freedom. The world is all very beautiful.—*C. S.*

* * *

I'm better than my parents, because, in the words of a great statesman, "I stand on their shoulders, and see further."—*J. H., Bolton.*

War made my parents heroes. Peace may prove me even better than they.—*C. Wilkinson, Cheshire.*

I was taught never to recognise defeat, to laugh merrily at life—yet I am not better than the parents who trained me.—*Never Can Be, York.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, Sept. 2.

Should Sex be Taught in the Schools?

TO-DAY there are over two million of me in this country, and we're worse, far worse, than our parents, in the sense that we do not play the game, as it should be played.

After a casual job we return to the inevitable "Dole," so that to-day, when a spell of work comes our way, we are prone to shirk—make it to "hang out" as long as possible, dreading the inactivity which we know is bound to follow.

Not so our parents, who put their backs into whatever they were at, knowing full well that if *they* made that job pay, the gaffer would have another for them to do immediately.—*R. Churchill.*

Clouded Vision

My father had a good business and it failed, because he took to drink and gambling.

I began a good business career and failed for the same reason. His first wife was a bad partner; she died, and he was left almost penniless. He married my mother, and from then onwards lived a clean, steady life, full of happiness.

I married a good woman, but she suffered through my neglect and failure.

In failing to see and avert the errors of my parent's life, I am a thousand times worse than he.—*Bankrupt, Leicester.*

Thanks to—

At my age my parents had five children; I have none—thanks to the accursed modern teaching of limitation of families.

They were happy and contented; I am sullen and morose—thanks to unemployment.

Their lives were guided by simple religious faiths; I have none—thanks to the perplexities of present-day theological teachings.

They could always show a clear shop-book; I cannot—thanks to the stupidity of our industrial leaders.

They had friends when in need. I have friends when I have plenty.

They worked hard and loved. I have no work and am bankrupt—sans finance and incentive.—*Uno, Rhondda.*

A Humble Cleric

I am worse than my parents for the simple reason that I have not their virtues of self-sacrifice and of being natural.

Human worth must be reckoned in terms of character. My parents gave me the chance to better myself, but though I managed to do this from a so-called social point of view, I recognise that sterling worth is only born of struggle.

The circles in which I am bound to move often demand artificial conduct. Atmosphere has made me worse than my parents.—*Clericus, Yorks.*

A "Big" Fool

I'm infinitely worse than my parents in every way save one—I have a much better education. Therein lies the fault, for I have misused my asset.

I derive no satisfaction from their simple pleasures. To them drink is an abhorrence; I patronise "uppish" pubs, and contribute to the general bombast therein—in short, I like to be big!

They would rather die than be in debt; I have been in debt so often that I now regard it complacently: my parents' sense of honour is entirely lacking in me.

I'm worse (morally and financially) than my parents because extra knowledge made me a malcontent.—*Idiot, Glasgow.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Now—the "NURSERIES"

WE are on the eve of the "nursery" campaign, and for some time past I have been earmarking juveniles of which the handicapper will not have formed a true estimate.

Year after year, when these two-year-old races come along, the results prove that some youngsters have been pitched in.

The handicapper is helpless. He allots the weights on form, and when juveniles have met at level weights over and over again, and figured in the "also rans," they are certain to be treated leniently in the two-year-old handicaps.

Some JOHN BULL readers may remember one particular two-year-old. He ran three times unplaced, starting at 100 to 6, 16 to 1 and 7 to 1. And then the "nursery" season came along.

Within a week the horse won three races off the reel in big fields, and the odds were 6 to 4, 6 to 4 and 11 to 8 on. After his first success he carried a 7 lb. and then a 10 lb. penalty.

Putting it mildly, the horse must have come on a stone or more in the course of a few weeks. Anyway, the entries in my notebook are of a similar class.

I think Lord Ellesmere will have the honour of being the guest of the evening at the Gimcrack Dinner. He should win the Stakes with Four Course or Lemnarchus.

In the good old days the winning owner of this prize pocketed about £250 and, in return, according to the conditions of the race, he had to give three dozen bottles of champagne to the York Gimcrack Club. Nowadays he wins about £1,500, and is exempt from buying drinks round.

I expect June Clover to win the Sutton Handicap at Gatwick, and suggest Budaiya and Vain Bachelor for the Saturday "double."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 28, to Wednesday, September 3.

A S 3 O E J W G P X C Z R H L
9 I K 2 F M D V Y B Q 5 T N U

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

Q29IRFT would read COASTER.

"SILVER RING"

BEECH-NUT'S too good to miss

says ARTHUR ATKINSON

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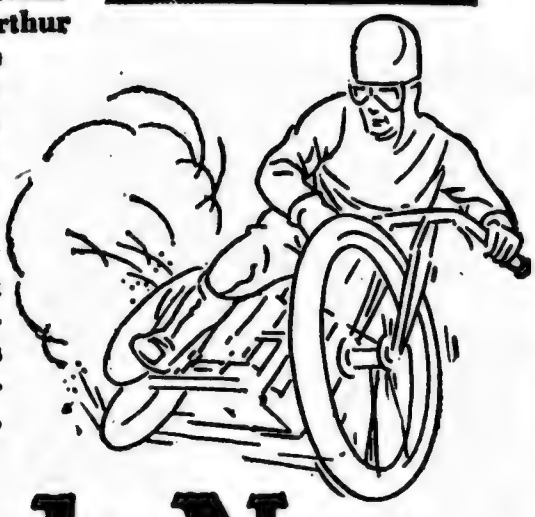

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1D

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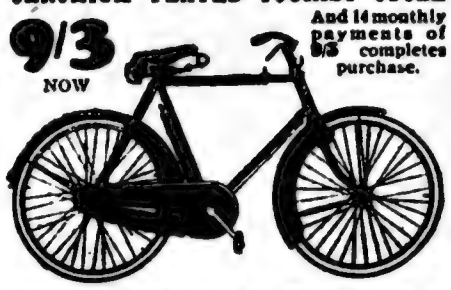

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must-be-won X-Word

£50 for runners-up

ARE you goin to "lift th prize" thi week? The even is open to a comers and the en trant who steers straight course i this fair-for-all co test wins. All hav an equal opportu nity, for there's n "handicapping." entries each bein a hard and fa rule. So giv "rope" to your imagination, kee your "weather eye" open an get on the right "tack"!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 79 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), Sept. 4th. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, September 11th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, September 18th. Result of Crossword No. 76 appears on page 27.

Note the Increased First Prize!

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 79), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, September 4th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / — and the date of sending the order complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, September 18th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, September 23rd,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), September 4th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 79

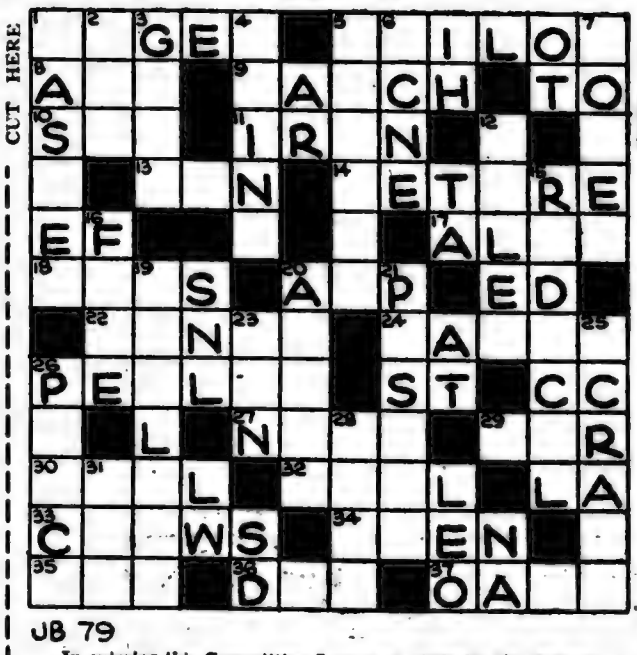
Entry Form "A."

JB 79

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE



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JB 79

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), September 4th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Don't run the risk o being late—fill in an post your coupons early

Clues Across.

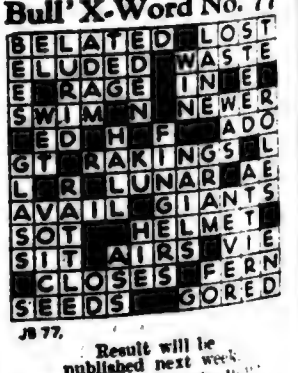
1. LEAVES OF A BOOK.
5. MARINER.
8. PAST.
9. KEY MAY BE USED FOR THIS.
10. CHINESE COIN.
11. METAL.
13. USED BY FUR TRAPPERS.
14. FALL BACK.
17. EXCLAMATION OF REGRET.
18. MOTORIST DOES TO HEAD LIGHTS WHEN PASSING.
20. SERPENT.
22. PROVIDE SPORT.
24. FERTILE SPOT IN DESERT.
26. SMALL BULLET.
27. BIRD'S HOME.
29. THIS MAY MAKE A SPLASH
30. MANX CAT HASN'T ONE.
32. SCOTTISH DANCE.
33. BLACK BIRDS.
34. PARADISE.
35. FEMALE BIRD.
36. MAY MEAN TROUBLE FOR UNDERGRADUATE.
37. SEEN IN THE COUNTRY.

Clues Down.

1. DONE TO BILLS.
2. AN ERA.
3. SOUNDED TO ANNOUNCE DINNER.
4. MOVE ALONG.
5. ENDANGER YACHT IF HEAVY
6. SKIN DISEASE.
7. ACTORS MUST KNOW THEM
12. BUILDERS USE THESE.
15. OLD NAME FOR STRONG LIBERAL.
16. SOME PUT THEIR BILLS ON
19. FEW FLAPPERS WOULD RE FUSE THIS.
20. STAR-LIKE FLOWER
21. DESPATCHED BY MAIL
23. RANGE OF KNOWLEDGE
25. SEEN ON BUTCHER'S COUNTER.
26. ROADMENDER PUTS ON HOOT WAY.
28. OBSERVED.
31. PART OF VERB "TO BE"

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 77



JB 77.

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 77 is given here with as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Write to "John Bull" About It!

The Editor REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

G. D. (Streatham).—"Bathtub reading racks are now on the market." That's all right, providing nobody introduces a bathtub music-rack

E. K. (Colchester).—"I always carry a quid with me." Cash or tobacco?

T. T. (East Ham).—"Does a man ever forget the girl he first loved?" Sometimes she won't let him.

F. P. (Molesey).—"I am going to save up before I get married." Quite right. It's the last chance you'll ever get.

V. R. (Northolt).—"I am in love with the daughter of a Customs officer." Declare yourself.

S. P. (Barnhurst).—"When I told the story of my adventure to my friend he listened open-mouthed." Rather a sustained yawn, surely!

G. K. (Hornsey).—"An American novelist says that by 1980 men will have discarded shirts." At least, a good many of us will.

F. R. (Jarrow).—"I'm very careful about the training of my son." Are you trying to bring him up in the way you should have gone?

B. B. (Edgware).—"Indoor golf is a prospective British craze." Not with novices if they are requested to replace the floor.

BOXER (Mile End).—"I hear that the promoters of the recent big fight made £10,000." So that settles the argument as to who had the best of it.

BOB (Dawlish).—"Many of our M.P.s started life as errand-boys." So at some time in their career they have done something useful.

S. H. (Rochester).—"As an expert I can promise a ray of hope for better weather." But holiday-makers would prefer a ray of sunshine.

W. N. (Dartmoor).—"A jazz band plays every night in one of our prisons." That isn't our English justice; it is wanton cruelty.

H. B. (Yarmouth).—"Why does a red-headed woman always marry a meek man?" She doesn't. He just gets that way.

H. L. (Swansea).—"An aeroplane has just broken the endurance record by flying over Chicago for 553¾ hours." It may have been afraid to come down in that city.

T. B. (Westcliff).—"Einstein says that space is just matter in another form." That is the most charitable explanation of some human heads we have yet heard.

E. T. (Lancing).—"I am sure she likes me because when she passes me she always smiles." On the other hand, it may only mean that she possesses a sense of humour.

BACHELOR (Hythe).—"I never can understand why a man should not be allowed to have more than one wife." When you are married you will realise that the law protects those who are incapable of protecting themselves.

H. B. (Hitchin).—"I haven't been to see you yet." Thanks!

B. N. (Holyhead).—"What causes rain?" Picnics, for one thing.

O. N. (Bacup).—"The modern girl leaves home for the shop." It's a great counter attraction.

N. R. (Southport).—"Was there anything original in my letter?" Only the spelling.

D. M. (Tenby).—"Woman's sword is her tongue." And she never allows it to get rusty for want of use.

H. G. (Stillorgan).—"A philosopher compares women to motor-cars." They both badly need silencers.

C. W. (Frome).—"My wife goes to bed in a bad temper and wakes up in a similar mood." Surly to bed and surly to rise.

H. K. (Uxbridge).—"When I meet my girl friends I don't like taking off my hat because I have a bald head." You must grin and bare it.

TIM (Jedburgh).—"Meteorologists have predicted that September will be a fine month." In spite of this, of course, it may be.

A. D. (Wigan).—"The married man who returns home after midnight is foolish." He certainly doesn't know what he's letting himself in for.

JAMES B. (Blackpool).—"A man recently stood on his head for forty-five minutes." Passengers are treated very badly on those excursion trains.

DISGUSTED (Shoreham).—"A telegram took 12½ days coming from Hastings." The Post Office rushed it through to avoid the unlucky number.

E. C. B. (Edinburgh).—"Since stamping began, British egg sales have risen tremendously." They have shown a marked increase.

FASHION WRITER (London, W.).—"The new shirt for the winter will consist of two buttons." That is, we take it, when it comes back from the laundry.

M. H. (Marlow).—"I am an outspoken man." Many men are—by their wives.

G. H. (Croydon).—"I have walked a lot in Surrey." Ever hopped in Kent?

A. B. (Twickenham).—"I was at my wits' end." Well, you hadn't travelled far.

J. G. (Wivenhoe).—"My new Alsatian arrived by air." It flew at you to start with!

GEO. T. (London, S.).—"I spent my holiday lying on the sand." To the same girl?

B. P. (Ely).—"People tell me I am like Mary Pickford." So even she has got her enemies!

H. T. (Bath).—"The latest fad is to have a pantry on wheels." To make the food go further?

A. H. (Dover).—"I have often walked in my sleep during the day time." Are you in the Civil Service?

MISS T. (Epsom).—"I stopped at a seaside boarding-house for two months." Were you slimming?

F. M. (Danby).—"What do you suggest that I should write an article on?" A very small piece of paper.

P. H. (Kew).—"Did you like the end of my article?" Yes, but it wasn't near enough the beginning.

N. T. (Wareham).—"Vegetable marrows are scarce this year." Then strawberry jam will be dearer.

H. P (Bude).—"Do you get annoying and persistent letters from money-lenders?" No, from Bude!

T. P. (Hitchin).—"Is there anything worse than having to pay rates and taxes?" Great Scott! We hope not!

A. C. (Brighton).—"Aviation will soon be as safe as motoring." We hope it will be a good deal safer than that.

CENTENARIAN (Woolwich).—"In my young days girls appreciated a kiss on the hand." Our young moderns would think it very much out of place.

G. P. (Hendon).—"A lot of whisky is sent to America in boxes labelled Margarine." Butter-Scotch must be in great demand over there!

F. B. (Bristol).—"You should have seen the bills waiting for me just inside the front door!" Have you seen the cheques waiting for you just inside the back cover?

I. P. (Hampstead).—"I passed three funerals on the way to the last Test Match." Perhaps our office-boy told the truth, after all!

P. B. (London, S.).—"Could you tell me how long working men should sleep?" In bed, the same as short working men.

R. L. K. (New York).—"We Americans believe in a cold shower every morning." Come and see our English summer, and you'll get it.

F. K. (Brighton).—"I met her on the pier by accident." Simple fellow!

GUNSMITH (Ryde).—"I stand behind every gun I sell." That's the safest place.

G. H. (Southend).—"He shouldn't have called me a barefaced liar." Why? Do you wear whiskers?

P. N. (Penge).—"Crazy paving is best done on a fine day." Then the weather is appropriately balmy.

L. R. (Clapham).—"Our public parks are the most disreputable in Europe." You should keep out of them.

S. L. (Honing).—"The only sensible place for a holiday is the Broads." Isn't that rather a narrow view?

W. F. (York).—"I am sorry to say that I will be compelled to sell my car." That will put you on your feet again.

S. T. (Chiswick).—"I should like to take you apart and speak to you seriously." No thanks; we don't believe in vivisection.

T. P. (Letchworth).—"Have you an opening to suit me in your office?" It depends whether you prefer the door or the window!

G. J. (Jarrow).—"A girl will often stick to her sweetheart even if she knows he is a scoundrel." There is a natural reluctance to drop a bad egg.

HILDA (Hastings).—"Why do men always look down at women's feet?" It isn't that. We merely drop our eyes from motives of modesty.

D. K. (Kennington).—"A fist fight recently occurred in the French Chamber of Deputies." It is denied, however, that somebody caught the Speaker's eye.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

THE CAERNARVON AND DENBIGH HERALD:—"Gold Medal or £5 for the BEST MAN or filly."

THE NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"After her departure the husband discovered some hotel in A SEALED ENVELOPE."

LONDON AND NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY MAGAZINE:—"Comfortable apartments —GERMS moderate."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"The bride carried a shower bouquet of HAREM lilies."

THE YORKSHIRE GAZETTE:—"He seemed to have a glorious FAILURE in front of him."

EVENING TIMES AND ECHO:—"Fifty years ago the consumption of liquors at these functions ran into many BATTLES."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER:—"Mr. and Mrs. C——— will celebrate their golden wedding to-day, having been MARKED on August 1, 1880."

THE JOURNAL:—"Councillor ——— was granted permission to SEE intoxicating liquor on the Labour Club ground."

KEEP YOUR MONEY for a RAINY DAY
BLANFORDS WAY-MEANS EASY TO PAY!
PULLOVER FREE
WITH EVERY ONE OF THESE SMART
GLENGOLA TWEED SUITS
FOR 2/6 DOWN
To celebrate the opening of our new wing, we are giving a splendid quality WOOLLEE PULLOVER with every suit purchased at 55/-
These Suits are made of the famous fashionable Glengola Tweed. The cloth is guaranteed for hard wear, will not shrink, and will keep its shape. Perfectly tailored and cut on West-end lines.
No better Suit could be made for double the price. We are pioneers of ready-to-wear, bespoke tailoring, and guarantee to fit you perfectly. Send for a Suit, and we will surprise you with the quality of cloth, the make, cut, trimmings, and tip-top value. In shades of dark and medium Grey, dark and medium Brown, Blue, and Blue-Grey. Also in Heather mixture. All these patterns can be had with a faint stripe on the plain cloth.
FREE Pullover in Blue, Grey and Brown Backgrounds with designs in contrasting shades. Send 2/6 (no further payment required until you have had the Suit one month) and agree to pay 7/6 per month. Also send your chest measure over vest, height and shade of Pullover preferred. Goods carriage paid.
We can supply you with anything you want. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogues, or call at our showrooms.
John Blanford
DEPT. J.B.S., 1, 3 & 5, BATH ST., CITY RD., LONDON E.C.1.
Showrooms open 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Thursday 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Saturday 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

WHY HAVE A BAD LEG?

A method of treatment which permanently heals all forms of Bad Legs without the aid of rest, and succeeds even in long standing and painful cases where other treatments have failed, comes as a boon and blessing to all bad leg sufferers.

This method is known as the Tremol System of Treatment for Bad Legs. Under this powerful System every sufferer receives individual attention and the Treatment is specially prepared according to the needs of the case. Without any resting in bed and without any absence from work, patients can carry out the Treatment in their own homes and soundly heal their leg trouble at their own fireside. Only a few minutes daily are required to apply the Treatment with complete success. And this is not all. Every form of Bad Leg succumbs to this treatment. Varicose Ulcers melt away, and, even when combined with Varicose Veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes, Skin afflictions die away, and swollen and painful legs become painless. Inflammation, burning, and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SKIN DISEASE, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—No More Sleepless Nights—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Able to Enjoy Life—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. LET EVERY SUFFERER REMEMBER THIS:—

SIMPLE ULCER COMBINED WITH VARICOSE VEINS
ECZEMA DRY SCALY OR WEEPING
VARICOSE ULCERS COMBINED WITH VARICOSE ECZEMA
SKIN DISEASE ON FRONT OF LEG BELOW THE KNEE

Tremol Treatment

CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME.
HEALS BAD LEGS WITHOUT REST.
ENABLES YOU TO WORK IN COMFORT.
RELIEVES YOU FROM ALL LEG WORRY.
TRIUMPHS WHEN OTHERS HAVE FAILED.
BRINGS BETTER HEALTH AND ITS SUCCESS IS CERTAIN AND LASTING.

Full particulars of this powerful Home Treatment are sent free of charge to all bad leg sufferers, together with a beautiful Album of Coloured Plates showing how the Treatment cures, and a List of Cured Cases in your own district. Sufferers also receive, entirely free of charge, a valuable illustrated book entitled **"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why."** Written by a Staff of Bad Leg Specialists, the Book is chockful of sound practical advice and information of tremendous importance to sufferers. It deals with every form of bad leg and shows how to bring about a speedy and lasting cure, even when all other treatments have failed. As the edition is limited and when exhausted will not be reissued, sufferers desiring a free copy of this valuable book (price 3s. 6d.) should apply at once to prevent disappointment.

This is a chance not to be missed, and you should fill in the coupon and write at once to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, Ward B.L., GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,** describing your case, and the BOOK, ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, and LIST OF CURED PATIENTS

WILL BE SENT FREE.

In addition to this great Free Offer to all who write, the National Infirmary willingly give free consultations to all bad leg sufferers who care to call. HOURS: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week-day (Sundays excepted).

Post this Coupon to us to-day, or call for Free Personal Consultation.

FREE COUPON (Ward) B.L.)

National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me full particulars of the Tremol Treatment, the Beautiful Album, List of Cured Cases, and also the Valuable Book **"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why."**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State Complaint .....

National College of Health, Ltd.

MONEY TALKS—

Cheques for Registered Readers

One of the strongest arguments for becoming a Registered Reader of JOHN BULL is surely to be found in the long list of payments made to Registered Readers every week under the paper's great Free Insurance. No less than 56,943 claims have been paid to date. These cheques are eloquent testimony to the everyday risks you are running, and they are convincing evidence of the practical help which JOHN BULL offers you. If you have not yet registered—use the form below.

FIRE up to £400

ABERTRIDWR, S. WALES.—Mr. A. A. Baker, Penteg Hotel.
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SOMERSHAM, HUNTS. — Mr. F. Joyce, St. Ives Road.

STORM FLOOD—up to £300

CHELTENHAM.—Mr. D. Howells, The Limes, Bayshill Road.
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NEWMILLS, NR. STOCKPORT.—Mr. T. Arnfield, 6, Hyde Bank.
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SICKNESS—£5 5 0

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EDENBRIDGE, KENT.—Mrs. D. Barnett, Deleware Bungalow.
FINEDON, WELLINGBOROUGH, NORTHANTS.—Mrs. E. Abbott, 42, Council Houses, Irthlingborough Road.
HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.—Mr. A. J. Smith, 86, London Road.

ACCIDENTS—£2 per week

BRISTOL.—Mr. J. Parker, 7, Little King Street, Queen Square.
GILLINGHAM, KENT.—Mrs. F. Reid, 16, Sellbourne Road.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. F. Hirst, 153, Thomas Street, West Gorton.
MOUNTAIN ASH.—Mr. C. Hughes, 17, Lower Level.
OLDHAM, LANCS.—Miss E. A. Dillon, 67, Balfour Street.
PLAISTOW, E.13.—Mrs. R. McConnell, 20, Woodside Road.
PORT GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. Clancy, 59, Church Street.
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STOKE-ON-TRENT. Mr. J. Simpson, 1, Princess Square, Longport.
THURNSCOE, NR. ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. F. Lawrence, "Glenville," Selbourne Road.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 30/8/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

..... Reader's Signature

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 30/8/30.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S Great Pen Offer

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a **2/6 Everpointed Pencil Free,** heavily plated, complete with refills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

Cash the Coupons!

Free 2/6 Everpointed Pencil

BIGGER 'BULLETS' FIRST *and* 100 AFTER-HOLIDAY 'TONICS'!

Take a leaf from his cheque-book!

"HERE'S Wealth!" is the toast which JOHN BULL gives you this week. Any of the 100 After-Holiday "Tonics" would certainly do you good, for they are made up from an old *Bullets* prescription in which the one ingredient is hard cash.

An increased First of £400 is the biggest and best of these "Tonics," and it is within your power to capture this fine sum or any of the other substantial cheques which also must be won.

Though you may never have entered for any competition in your life, you can grasp the essentials of *Bullets* in a few minutes. You simply choose an *Example* from the list below and add to it any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. Suppose you choose the *Example* WINTER'S COMING, BUT, the added words WORKLESS "STAMPING FEET" ALREADY would make a complete *Bullet*.

Each of the following *Bullets* has recently won a First Prize—study them carefully before making your £400 efforts for this week's contest:

CRY OF A CHILD—MAKES CASTLE SOUND HOMELY.
WISE WORKER—DONE WITH "DOWN WITH ——"
TICKLISH JOB—"WHACKING" AUSTRALIA—"SOOTHING" INDIA.
IN ONE ROOM—MORALS DESTROYED—MORAL, BUILD!
TRAGEDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT—OVERMUCH "DIALOGUE"—FEW "SITUATIONS."
SHOWS WHAT HE'S WORTH—INQUIRING WHAT *She's* WORTH.

Choose from these "Examples"

PILLAR OF THE STATE
PRICES
BETTER FOR ALL
MORE EXCITING
WAS IT FATE, OR
HER CHIEF
LIFE OF CRIME
WASTEFUL
WINTER'S COMING, BUT
PLAYING PRANKS
FAMILIAR FACES
STILL IN THE AIR
AS SOON AS HE CAN
THE MAIN
FEEBLE ATTEMPT
INFURIATED
A SMALL MATTER
AN OLD FRIEND
COMPELLING
NEEDLESS TO SAY
FOR AMUSEMENT
ON SAFE GROUND
TRYING TO BE CHEERFUL
BASTARDLY BLOW
OFF SHE GOES AND
ACCORDING TO STATISTICS
GOOD REASONS
NOW'S THE TIME TO
UNLIMITED
IF YOU THINK
REFUSING TO STOP
IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

The result of Competition No. 770 ("Bullets" Record August Offer) will appear in our next issue, on sale Thursday, September 4.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

INVALUABLE AID—FREE!

"I FIND *Bullets Bulletin* invaluable," is the tribute to our free weekly help to would-be winners which comes from Mr. A. H. Jaques, winner of the First Prize of 400 Guineas in Competition No. 769.

Handsome Free Gifts are now offered to regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* which brings you all the news from Long Acre, practical advice from successful competitors, comments on efforts which have missed the mark, a list of old winners to study, encouraging letters from those who have already captured big cheques and other interesting features.

Complete the special coupon at the foot of the next column and so, for the mere cost of postage, make sure of your *Bullets Bulletin* every Thursday for twelve weeks. Or, if you prefer, send your name and address on a penny postcard, addressed as for coupon, and we will send a specimen copy post free.

Advance Details for "Bullets," No. 774.

First Prize, £2,000. Second, £100. Third, £50. 10 of £5. 10 of £2 10s. 25 of £1. 1,000 of 2s. 6d. 10,000 "Target" Prizes, and 1,000 Valuable New Prizes.

Taming The Tiger—Fertile Imagination—Makes Worries Fly—Making A Mess Of It—Talkie Star—Mighty Sorry—Scene of Desolation—Out Of The Limelight—Narrow-minded—Life's A Holiday If—Helping Her—Angel In Disguise—Among Thieves—Sporting Spirit—In India—She's Wonderful, But—What It's Coming To—Breaking Down—Soothing—Scientific Warfare—Away—Like Grandma—Growing Up—Brute Force—With An Effort—Everything—Convention Demands—Big—Run Of Luck—His Punishment—Chariot Of Progress—In Life—He's Dead Now, So—Spending—In Despair—Spoilt—Cooking The Accounts—Moving Mountains—I Prefer—Test of Skill.

(Closing Saturday, September 20.)

The original cheque for 400 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 769 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. West, Regent Street, Plymouth.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 6
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(773) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 6
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(773) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 6
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(773) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 6
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(773) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

Address Entries: "Bullets" No. 773, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief Bullets Prizes in Competition No. 773 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

ADDRESS .....

.....

post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS, LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

NEW HAIR FOR ALL

Frederick Godfrey solves the problem of Hair Growth—Baldness now a thing of the past

WONDERFUL FREE GIFT TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL"

Post Form Below which Entitles every Reader to Free Supply of the marvellous Hair Tonic, which has astounded the Scientific World by demonstrating that Everyone can Secure and retain a Perfect Head of Hair at any age—Free from Scurf—Falling—Loss of Colour, or any other Defects which are at present so prevalent and disfiguring to both Men and Women.

SEND NO MONEY

By a special arrangement Readers of "John Bull" are to receive a Trial Supply of Frederick Godfrey's Hair Tonic Free

THE year 1930 is proving a red letter year for all who have trouble with their hair, or rather we should say with the lack of hair growth.

Those who are quite bald as well as the even larger number of men or women who are afflicted with imperfect hirsute adornment and protection owing to Falling Hair—Scurf — Greasy Scalp — Patchy Baldness –Discoloured Hair—Grey or White Hair — Lustreless or Brittle Hair will ever afterwards remember 1930 as the year in which was conquered once and for all the bugbear of Baldness in all its forms and degrees.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS

Fortunately the discovery of the new and successful method of Hair Growth is not to be confined to the wealthy few, but its advantages are to be spread to all.

Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY, the leading British Hair Specialist, whose discovery in relation to Hair Growth is one of the most important scientific achievements of recent times.

Hence the arrangement which has been made for every reader of this Newspaper to have immediately a free supply of the remarkable new Hair Tonic which has proved in so wonderful a way that hair can be grown again on Bald Scalps even years after all hope had been abandoned.

GRAVE SOCIAL AND BUSINESS HANDICAP

The social and business handicap of Baldness and grey hair is so great that this discovery is bound to rank as one of the most important steps in the scientific progress of the age.

Beginning to look old as the result of thinning or greying locks has hindered many a man and woman's chances of advancement, it has even cost numbers their very livelihood, owing to their positions having been given to younger-looking folk.

PERMANENT YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE

This need no longer happen. A youthful appearance can be maintained always. Those who have already lost their hair or whose remaining locks are grey or even white have now the chance to renew their youth so far as all outward appearance goes. All that any reader of this paper need do is to simply fill in the Form printed below and forward it, to-day, to the Leading British Hair Specialist, Mr. Frederick Godfrey, of Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.

RECORD OF UNFAILING SUCCESS

He will then send to each, Free of Cost or obligation, a generous trial supply of his remarkable Hair Tonic which under severest tests has proved its unfailing success.

Our advice to all is: Write off at once and test for yourselves what this new discovery will do towards enhancing your personal appearance. We have every confidence as the result of hundreds of tests that no one will be disappointed. There have been so many attempts to solve this problem that some people have given up hope of ever renewing their lost hair or regaining the natural colour in hair that has perhaps for years past been grey or even white. All these previously disappointed ones should take heart again and at once secure this gift of Hair Tonic, as well as Mr. Frederick Godfrey's advice. Under to-day's offer both are Free, and if afterwards it is desired to follow Mr. Godfrey's advice then the cost is quite small and the time and trouble required are inconsiderable—so none need hesitate. Our advice is: Write off to-day whilst the offer is open.

These Reports Will Show what this Discovery will do for You

YOUR HAIR CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS YOUNGER

"The Bald patches are covered with new hair which is quite long. The rest of my hair is in fine condition."—C. E.

"I am very pleased to form you of the great i provement in my hair in short a time. My hair w short, now it is getting n and long."—Miss M. P.

"My hair is improving wonderfully each day. I shall recommend your treatment to anyone suffering from premature greyness."—Miss M. T.

"You can see for yourself the wonderful progress your treatment has made. I must bless the day I wrote to you, for slowly but surely I have grown a beautiful head of hair which is admired by everybody."—Miss E. N. S.

"Before I commence using your Pomade I wa practically bald, and you w see it has given me wonderf results. New hair is appea ing all over the scalp." Mr. J. S.

"I am following out your treatment and having splendid results. My hair is in wonderful condition and much better in colour. I am surprised at the new hair growing at a tremendous rate, and I am ever so pleased to be able to report to you on the improvement in so short a time."—Mr. C. B.

"My hair has grown again after I gave up all hope of it ever growing again. I should like to say it was perseverance and your instructions faithfully carried out that enabled my hair to grow. I might say, Sir, that a few friends about me think it is a miracle."—Mrs. F. R.

FOR NEW HAIR GROWTH—POST THIS FORM

Entitling to FREE TRIAL SUPPLY of Frederick Godfrey's Tonic Hair Dressing.

SEND NO MONEY SIMPLY ENCLOSE 3d. IN STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE AND PACKING

Name.....

Address.....

.....

My Hair Complaint is.....

I enclose 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) towards the cost of postage and packing

Post this Form direct to F. Godfrey (J.B. Special Offer Dept.) Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.

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